THE LIVING AGE

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for November, 1933

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THIS issue contains two new departures at the very outset. 'The World Over,' usually a prosaic enough department, terminates this month with a poem on Marinus Van der Lubbe by Stephen Spender, one of the rising young English poets, to whose work we have already referred on several occasions. This is followed by a group of no less than seven articles on as many different subjects assembled together under one title—'International Survey.'

OUR opening article, 'War Pays,' is taken from a pamphlet, *Patriotism, Ltd.*, which has just been issued in London by the Union of Democratic Control and which is reviewed in our 'Books Abroad' department. A year ago we printed part of another pamphlet, *The Secret International*, issued by the same organization and exposing the same gang of munition makers. Even though military preparations are going forward just as vigorously as they were twenty years ago, it hardly seems possible that if war does come the world will be taken entirely by surprise or fail to recognize the responsible parties.

'SPEECH of a Fool' is one of the last essays the late Theodor Lessing wrote before he was murdered by the Nazis in Switzerland and it constitutes the most fitting kind of tribute to a man whose writings have long been familiar to our readers. Professor Lessing was a Socialist, a pacifist, and a Jew. He taught at the University of Hanover and attracted nation-wide attention by attacking the presidential candidacy of Marshal von Hindenburg in 1925. His 'Speech of a Fool'—the title is his own—contains most of the qualities that have no place in Germany to-day.

THE French essayist, 'Alain,' at whose feet André Maurois sat as a young man, is regarded by many of his compatriots as the peer of Montaigne. Like Professor Lessing, he is a pacifist, but that does not prevent him from trying to attain a disinterested understanding of Nazi Germany. Few other foreigners have attempted such a mystical and emotional approach and fewer still have made themselves so clear.

SUCH sensational accounts of Nazi atrocities have appeared in the press of every country that we have purposely avoided some of the more lurid stories that have come our way. Instead we turn to the prudent London *Times* and offer a description it printed of the daily routine in a Nazi prison camp written by one of the inmates.

PROFESSOR Leopold Winkler has been living in Japan for years and writing frequently for the *Neue Freie Presse*. His essay on jazz shows that the musical revue has become so popular a form of entertainment that every kind of material, from the movies to the serious drama, is being adapted to presentation in that form. All the parts are taken by women, for there seems to be nothing that the Japanese public enjoys so much as a good leg show.

THE publication in one volume of all the poems of G. K. Chesterton brought forth many flattering reviews in the British press, but nobody was more discerning or enthusiastic than Desmond MacCarthy, who, to our mind, is the best literary critic now writing in the English language.

LOUIS MOSCH takes us on an exciting and exotic voyage up a tributary of the Amazon, where the natives tap rubber trees that are the property of foreigners. But their behavior seems honorable

(*Continued on page 281*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

November, 1933 *Volume 345, Number 4406*

The World Over

NOW that eight months have passed since Hitler attained supreme power in Germany it is at last possible to discover what is really happening. At no time has there been any doubt that the entire Nazi régime is merely the political arm through which certain industrialists control the country. The essential function of Hitler is to defend capitalism, private property, rugged individualism, production for profit. His movement is Socialist in name only.

But even granting that the Nazis are trying to preserve just as much of the old system as possible, even granting that Hitler is the embodiment of counter revolution, a new class has emerged and begun to play an active part in world history. This class is not the proletariat that made the Russian Revolution or the bourgeoisie that made the French; it is an enormous body of white-collar workers whose numbers have steadily increased as mechanical labor has displaced manual labor, especially in Germany, the most highly industrialized nation in Europe. This element is now executing Socialists, Communists, Jews, Liberals, and pacifists precisely as the French revolutionists guillotined the aristocrats and as the Red Russians exterminated the Whites. But there is this immense difference. The revolutionary middle class in France and the revolutionary proletariat in Russia were seizing property from other classes, whereas the Nazis are fighting to keep Fritz Thyssen in control of the Steel Trust.

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The present Government therefore has less to fear from the Communists—who, by the way, are building up a powerful underground organization—than from its own supporters, who are gradually waking up to what has happened. It was fear of an uprising within his own ranks that caused Hitler to forbid any 'Second Revolution' last summer and to declare that as far as the Nazis were concerned the revolution was over. But further trouble is expected this winter, and an anonymous correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* just back from Germany reports a prospect of street fighting, pogroms, and finally a monarchist restoration:—

> That Hitler has given up all idea of a Socialist revolution is clear from the whole economic policy of the new Minister for Economic Affairs, Schmitt. But suppose that even a conservative policy cannot prevent hunger and cold? Here is where opinions differ. Some think that then Hitler will be forced by his own masses to carry through the Second Revolution, which means dividing feudal properties among the peasants, particularly the Elban and East Prussian properties, confiscation of large fortunes, beginning with—above all—Jewish fortunes, the slogan being: 'Return to the German people what the bloodsucking Jews have taken from it.'
>
> But if Hitler is not willing to head the revolution others will, and it is confidently expected that street fighting will take place in Berlin this winter. It is even said that this street fighting will be provoked at such and such streets, and that a definite number of killed and wounded will be reported, and shops (presumably Jewish) looted before—and here comes the Great Unknown—the *Reichswehr* steps in. The *Reichswehr* cannot step in until things have become pretty bad, have passed a given (carefully planned) point. When and if the *Reichswehr* intervenes it will be for the purpose of reëstablishing the monarchy. The young monarch is to be Louis Ferdinand, the second son of the Crown Prince. He is said by those who know him to be a fine, intelligent, modest young man, who did not take at first to the part assigned him but who is now undergoing systematic training for his future job.

NOW the significance of this report is not that it predicts precisely what is going to happen but that it indicates the instability of the present Government. Germany's white-collar revolution seems likely to enter a new phase; it is by no means exhausted. Even assuming that the proletarian vote that swung to Hitler as a result of the Reichstag fire has now deserted him,—a doubtful hypothesis,—the former trade unions have been so completely smashed and the Storm Troopers are so well armed, well fed, and well organized that any uprising on the part of the industrial workers is out of the question for the present. To sum up, Fritz Thyssen and Adolf Hitler—to mention only two outstanding figures—have set in motion a 'revolt of the masses,' not with a view to destroying the *status quo* but with a view to maintaining it. They have armed, organized, and aroused these masses with the result that their followers are not content with the present state of affairs and are turning

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to further violence. There is a possibility that a monarchist restoration might provide temporary satisfaction, and it is certain that, if conditions get worse, the *Reichswehr* will become the key to power.

THIS brings us to the prospects for the crucial winter months. The Government claims to have kept one of its promises and to have already reduced unemployment by two millions. Although foreigners have expressed a good deal of skepticism, the London *Times* gives the Nazis the benefit of the doubt and allows that 'occupation of some sort has been found for some such numbers.' The next step is to be a housing campaign whereby the state will advance twenty per cent of the capital that any landlord proposes to spend on new construction work and will deduct from his property tax four per cent of the money he himself provides. An Agricultural Act has just been promulgated to save the German farmer from the low prices that usually accompany mechanization, and the Minister of Agriculture is to have power to fix production and prices. The Reichsbank is to be permitted to violate the banking law of 1924 and to buy 'first-class fixed-interest-bearing securities' as well as government bonds in the open market. By a so-called 'organic capital-market policy' Dr. Schacht hopes to convert short-term obligations into long-term ones, since the public has invested plenty of money in short-term Treasury bonds but has kept away from long-term securities. Short-term municipal bonds are also to be converted by the state into long-term government obligations, and the municipalities are to be relieved of most of their unemployment-relief burden. Foreign trade has improved slightly and the volume of domestic production has also increased. The present régime therefore appears a little stronger than the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent gives it credit for being, but present conditions are hardly what the white-collar workers wished to bring about when they embarked on their revolution.

IN OUR last two issues we have reported that Montagu Norman is on the skids and the past month has yielded two more indications of his declining prestige. Two weeks after returning empty-handed from his visit to President Roosevelt he made a brief address to the shareholders of the Bank of England, thanking two of them for the compliments they had paid his own work. The complete text of his utterance follows:—

> I thank you, Mr. Hargraves, and you, too, Mr. Fisher. I am sure that my colleagues and the staff of this Bank, the officials, have had a great deal to do, perhaps too much, and I am quite certain that that will continue. There is a great deal more to be done, however much has been done in the past. So we are all grateful to you. I like your compliment, too, but I do not wish to take upon myself more than I can reasonably hope to bear, and I hope, therefore, that I may dissociate myself from the association with the currency for the future with which

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you have connected me. I shall do my best, but I am not wholly responsible for some of these questions, which lie elsewhere.

Now there is not much to be said about the past, and as far as America is concerned, it is two weeks at least since I was there, and in those two weeks a new situation, and almost a new country, has grown up. So continuous and so great are the changes that no one who is not on the spot is up to date. Nothing, therefore, that I have found out while I was in America would be of any use or interest to you. You have but to read the newspapers day by day to see the extent and the pace with which changes there are taking place.

Here is an indication that England may be on the point of abandoning the deflationary policies it has pursued under Mr. Norman's guidance since 1925 and here also is proof of how alarmed the financial summunity of London is by the Roosevelt experiments.

But this is not the only time that the Governor of the Bank of England has figured in the newspapers of late. One of his most consistent critics, Francis Williams, financial editor of the *Daily Herald*, recently accused Mr. Norman of having given the Nazi régime in Germany the support of the Bank of England:—

An amazing financial campaign to strengthen the Nazi régime in Germany and to secure its permanent establishment is now being made by Mr. Montagu Norman and other directors of the Bank of England. This fact, the political and international importance of which cannot be exaggerated, has already resulted in a substantial rise in German bonds on the London Stock Exchange. It is a significant indication of the direction in which the Bank of England's sympathies lie, and a striking commentary on Mr. Montagu Norman's assumed attitude of remoteness from politics.

He has actually agreed to support Dr. Schacht, President of the German Reichsbank and one of Hitler's closest associates, in a carefully considered plan to consolidate Germany's financial position and thus strengthen the hold of the Nazis. And the Bank of England, moreover, is backing this plan in a way which, quite apart from its immense political significance, is almost certain to involve thousands of British investors in heavy loss.

'These are the facts,' writes Mr. Williams and then goes on to assert that 'the Bank of England has advised merchant banking houses and some large investment interests to support German bonds on the Stock Exchange.' Within a week German 5½ per cent Young Loan bonds advanced nearly 10 per cent, and Dawes Loan 7 per cents advanced 5 per cent. 'The secret,' writes Mr. Williams, 'behind this amazing Bank of England attempt to boost German bonds is that Dr. Schacht has now made plans for a big-scale conversion scheme affecting a large proportion of Germany's internal public debt in the form of long-term securities that now total approximately £423,529,000.' The reward that Dr. Schacht has offered to the Bank of England is 'increased facilities for the withdrawal of frozen funds locked up in Germany.' Such deals as this one can hardly add to Mr. Norman's popularity in England.

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EVER since the Japanese invaded Manchuria two years ago there has been no dearth of war talk in our pages. Some of it has been nothing more than talk, but we have reproduced it because we should not have presented an accurate reflection of the foreign press if we had left it out. Other material, like our two articles on Germany last month and 'War Pays' in this issue, shows that the war danger is a real one in Europe. But when will it come to a head? A leading editorial in the London *Spectator*, entitled 'War Talk,' warns against anticipating hostilities tomorrow. It points out that business has begun to recover in France, Germany, and England, and suggests that the surest guarantee of peace is to have the upturn continue. It emphasizes that everything depends on what happens in Germany and prophesies that Hitler will be more and more concerned with domestic problems.

> The outlook, therefore, while profoundly disquieting, is not desperate. We are not on the edge of war. The situation is not, as some would have it, more menacing than in 1914. There is still time, given steady heads and clear vision and some courage, to save Europe from the perils impending.

The Disarmament Conference is Europe's chief hope at the moment. As the London *Economist* says:—

> By common consent, unless the Conference concludes a convention this autumn, a world whose peoples' prime demand is peace will be confronted with the final collapse of the disarmament campaign. That is a calamity from which the assembled statesmen have one last chance to save their countries.

DEFENDERS of Fascism draw distinctions between the Black Shirts of Italy and the Brown Shirts of Germany. Opponents of Fascism see little essential difference between a Mussolini and a Hitler dictatorship. But in Austria the distinction is a real one. Chancellor Dollfuss is setting up the Italian brand of Fascism with the support of Italy in order to prevent German Fascism from being set up with the support of Hitler. Dollfuss has said that there is no place for 'Liberal capitalism' or for 'materialist Marxism' in Austria; he wants a Christian Socialist 'corporate' state based on vocational representation and under the 'authoritative leadership' of responsible men. Without a Brown Terror, without race warfare, without the intervention of German troops, the Dollfuss régime is trying to give Austria all the benefits of Fascism with none of the drawbacks. Prince von Starhemberg's *Heimwehr* troops provide the military element, and their commander, the lineal descendant of John Sobieski, who defeated the Turks at the gates of Vienna two hundred and fifty years ago, supplies the patriotic appeal. The danger to Dollfuss is that he may now have become the political prisoner of more reactionary interests than he himself represents. His own supporters are estimated at 1,300,000, the Socialists at 1,400,000, and the National Socialists at 900,000.

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But by demanding that the Socialists be removed from all municipal posts in Vienna Prince Starhemberg may upset a delicate balance of power.

EVENTS in Spain are heading for a show-down. Although a general strike of Socialists, Communists, and Anarcho-Syndicalists brought the Republic into existence two and a half years ago, the influence of right-wing elements within the Government has lately increased. We mentioned last month the appearance of a Fascist Party, which caused some alarm among Republican leaders, and now that the elections scheduled for November are drawing near there is general uncertainty as to the outcome. Whereas the abdication of Alfonso came immediately after the Monarchists had shown surprising weakness in municipal elections, the elections of this fall are for Parliament and women are voting for the first time. The likelihood is that the moderate Republicans will lose votes to the extremists on both sides of them.

WITHIN the space of two years Soviet foreign policy has changed completely. When France was supplying Japan with loans and guns to conquer Manchuria and equipping the Little Entente and Poland to attack Russia, when Germany was in a position to receive favors from France in return for giving up its alliance with Russia, when President Hoover's personal animus against the Soviet Union prevented American recognition, and before Japan had begun to dump goods on British markets, Russia did not have one real friend among the major powers. To-day Moscow has lost its half-hearted German ally but has established good relations with France and the Little Entente. America has extended credits via the R. F. C., and England is so indignant about Japanese dumping that the 'Red menace' has paled. A Franco-Russian military alliance is in the making and Moscow no longer fears invasion from Europe. Here, then, is the explanation of the strong note sent by the Soviet Foreign Office to Japan concerning Russian rights to the Chinese Eastern Railway. All the indications are that Russia is at last free to pursue a strong policy in the Orient.

WOLFGANG VON WEISL'S sketch of the late King Faisal of Irak in our 'Persons and Personages' department gives most of the important facts about that part of the world. But it remained for the Tory *Saturday Review* of London to bring out the economic consequences of King Faisal's death. The following disclaimer of economic ambition in the Near East should be discounted exactly one hundred per cent, but we cannot keep such a beautiful example of imperialist morality to ourselves:—

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> Enough has been said about the purpose of our responsibility in Irak. We have been told to clear out time and again by our newspaper politicians at home. In all truth the country cost us dearly, and we have received precious little credit in return. But that we did not expect. An empire is like the parent of a family. It trains its children and expects and receives little but complaints when they are grown up.

The very next paragraph, however, gets right down to brass tacks:—

> Shall we now remain? A great deal in the next six months depends not only upon our diplomatic responsibilities there, but upon the conduct of our oil interests. By their acts our future in this vital key position of the Orient will be dissipated or solidified.
>
> We have weakened almost fatally in India. Islam is watching us with more interest than ever before. During the War we won her respect. Since the Peace we have earned her contempt. If we slide out of Irak now we shall have lost one of the world's greatest sources of power. And if we lose power, we lose all. America is waiting for the chance to seize the concessions we so hardly won. Japan needs oil. Every country in the world needs oil. The price we pay may be high, but no good life insurance is ever bought by a cheap premium.

Fearing that 'two years of time may see Socialism in power,' the *Saturday Review* concludes that 'if that comes Irak will go and if Irak goes our oil goes.'

NATIONAL bankruptcy is at last on the point of revealing the 'Japanese menace' as more imaginary than real. Finance Minister Takahashi recently informed the nation that if expenditure is kept at the present level the entire state revenue will be needed to make interest payments on government loans within five years at the very latest. This year's budget deficit comes to one billion yen, which is exactly the amount that went into military expenditures, and next year Japan is to spend more money on her army and navy than at any time in her history. Taxation cannot possibly meet this burden, as the total revenues for the current year covered only 55 per cent of the nation's expenditures, and the farmers, who compose 70 per cent of the working population, are struggling under debts that total six billion yen. The militarists had hoped that Manchuria would make Japan independent of imports and that the depreciated yen would increase Japanese exports so much that the country would enjoy a favorable trade balance. But imports from Manchuria have fallen far below expectations and other nations are raising tariffs against 'dumped' goods from Japan.

COMMENTS of the leaders of Japanese industry reveal a growing indignation against England. Shingo Tsuda, president of a large Japanese spinning company, made this extraordinary statement:—

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> Living standards of Japanese workers are not low. Despite Britain's assertion, Japanese workers' living conditions are much better than those of the British, the only difference lying in the former's requiring less money to maintain themselves.

He then continued in this threatening vein:—

> Eruption may be the culmination. To force expensive clothing upon a nation of low-purchasing power by closing its market to moderate-priced Japanese goods means an utter disregard of the interest and well-being of the consumer. In case England goes on raising her tariff, that may usher in as a consequence a state of things that she would wish least to see.
>
> Lessons from American independence: Was not the independence of America an outcome of heavy taxation imposed upon her by the mother country? Is it not a moral obligation on the part of a civilized country to supply backward peoples with cotton textiles, which are an absolute necessity of life, at a moderate price? Should England continue to embarrass her possessions, the solidarity of the British Empire will not be maintained. It is no exaggeration to say that the English cotton industry is now bankrupt of initiative. An industry that cannot maintain itself unless a handicap of as much as 70–80 per cent is imposed upon its rivals is a national handicap rather than an asset.

The newspapers have always taken this line, but some industrialists still feel that the Chinese market will be Japan's ultimate salvation and that the tariff row with England is unimportant.

IN A NOTE on Australia last month we stated that the birth-rate had fallen to eight per thousand, or only half enough to maintain a stable population. We have since discovered that this figure, gleaned from the usually accurate *Statist*, was considerably out of the way, although the time is drawing near when Australia's population will decline. An article on 'Population Trends in Australia' by H. J. Exley in *The Economic Record*, published by the Melbourne University Press, contains some figures showing that the actual birth- and death-rates in Australia have been causing a steady decline in population growth and will presently cause the population to decrease:—

Year	Actual Rates Experienced (per 1,000)		
	Birth	Death	Natural Increase
1891	34.5	14.8	19.7
1901	27.2	12.2	15.0
1911	27.2	10.7	16.5
1921	24.9	9.9	15.0
1931	18.2	8.7	9.5

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Mr. Exley shows that if things go on as they are at present a white Australia will be out of the question. The reason is that a birth-rate of 16 per thousand is needed to maintain a stable population, and the present trend indicates that Australia will fall below that figure within a few years. Although in 1931 the birth-rate was still 9.5 per cent higher than the death-rate, deaths will increase rapidly when the generation born in 1891, with its very high birth-rate, comes to the end of its life span. Finally, an increasingly large proportion of the population will be of advanced age and will have to be supported by a dwindling younger generation.

Van der Lubbe

By STEPHEN SPENDER

From *The Spectator*, London

NO WONDER I am glad, when the governors of this country
With their searchlight staring eyes and recording discs as brains
Must listen at my lips. This is better than to
Swim an inhuman sea or than the smelling sea to embrace
Of prostitution: more notorious than to climb the highest mast.
Yes, no wonder I laugh, I am glad that this people is mad:
They must eat my words I throw out like paper scraps,
I care not which I tear; they must eat and dance, dance, dance.
Why do you laugh? they ask. I reply
I laugh at this trial. That, they cannot understand.
To them it seems I end with the glaring bright axe
That cuts me off. But what I know, I know.
Yes no. Yes no. Shall I tell you what I know?
Not to Göring, but dear microphone, dear movie camera,
I whisper it to you. I laugh because our rulers' laughter
The spitting at justice, the cruel glee of mere guns
The uniforms, are what I am. My laughter cannot die.
We are all mad together here; corrupter and corrupted,
The judge and judged. No cold and clear wind blows
The crazy spectacles from the judge's nose.
We'll laugh and laugh until we unloose the centuries—
—Those walls they built. Only the sane shall weep.

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Here are seven articles ranging in space from Germany to Peru and to Japan and in scope from literature to war.

International SURVEY

A World Symposium

I. War Pays

From *Patriotism, Ltd.*, pamphlet issued by the Union of Democratic Control, London

WHILE scientists, acting on the instructions of the politicians, make war more and more deadly, the armament manufacturers and the makers of material essential to this manufacture watch their profits grow. While almost every other form of industry is in the slough of depression, the shares of armament firms improve in value.

The attitude of those who are interested in armaments is well represented by a cynical remark in *The Aëroplane*, a paper which may be fairly described as the unofficial, and sometimes surprisingly outspoken, voice of the Air Ministry and the aircraft industry:—

'The manufacturers of both aëroplanes and engines may hope for increased turnover and profits a year or so hence when the Disarmament Conference has faded out and the programme of expansion is allowed to proceed.'

The British Government itself is pleased at every increase in the sales of British arms overseas, not only because they are good for trade and prestige, but because a high armament export trade enables British firms to keep up-to-date and, by working at a greater capacity than would be possible if they had to rely only on the purchasing power of their own Government, to be always ready for the sudden demands of war.

Mr. H. J. Thomas, chairman of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, boasted that the Hendon display had 'proved valuable as a means of securing orders,' adding significantly, but obscurely, that it was becoming 'more difficult to trace foreign business except in a vague way through the Government reports of exports.

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Business in military aëroplanes is still being done, often on condition that no announcement concerning the placing of orders is made.'

The proof of this increased activity in military-aircraft sales can immediately be found in the fact that a firm like the Fairey Aviation Co., which specializes in the manufacture of military aircraft, showed an increase of 12½ per cent in net profits in 1932–33, while the H. G. Hawker Engineering Co., which has sold more military aëroplanes, exclusive of training types, than any other British firm, has now formed a new company, Hawker Aircraft, Ltd., to deal with the increased trade. Mr. Sprigg, the general manager of the H. G. Hawker Engineering Co., recently stated: 'The total number of aëroplanes produced in the past year broke all records in the industry since the latter years of the War.'

The new firm, Hawker Aircraft, Ltd., boasts in its prospectus: 'Hawker aircraft are also in service in Canada, New Zealand, Denmark, Norway, Esthonia, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Japan. Further orders are in hand for the Swedish, Danish, and Persian Governments. Certain types of Hawker aircraft are being manufactured under license in Sweden and Denmark, and the option to purchase manufacturing rights of certain types has been acquired by Norway, Japan, and Persia. The British Air Ministry has also acquired under a royalty agreement the manufacturing rights of the Hawker "Hart" type aircraft, and this machine is in course of quantity production by Vickers (Aviation), Ltd., and Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft, Ltd., to the order of the Air Ministry.'

Rolls-Royce, Ltd., who make the best British aëro engine as well as the best luxury cars, and who are now supplying the engines for a large number of R.A.F. bombing and fighting squadrons, showed an increase of 5½ per cent on their net profits in 1932–33.

De Havilland Aircraft, Ltd., reports: 'There has also been a good deal of activity in the aircraft section, stimulated by the rapidly dwindling prospects of disarmament.'

Mr. O. Short, the managing director of Short Bros., one of the leading seaplane manufacturers, was, no doubt, expressing the legitimate hope of the whole industry when he said: 'This year will see the firm's workshops full again at work both on civil and military aircraft. The coming year will be the busiest since the Armistice.'

In some branches of the armament industry it is difficult to estimate profits precisely because armament firms manufacture other things besides armaments. In the case of Vickers, the holding company of Vickers-Armstrongs, which is the largest armament firm in this country, it is clear that the improvement shown in its Annual Report this year was mainly the result of increased armament orders.

Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of Vickers, Ltd., who took the opportunity in his annual speech to refer to the arguments of 'The Secret International,' admitted that Vickers-Armstrongs 'relies very largely on armament orders for its existence,' and justified its export trade by the stock argument that 'the safety of the Empire in the event of aggression by some other power also depends on the capacity of the company to increase

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its production of armaments at short notice.'

Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., which in addition to its other activities is the predominant British producer of high explosives, shells, and materials of chemical warfare, has done astonishingly well during the last years, and its recent success is clearly due in part to the war in the Far East, for which Imperial Chemicals, through their subsidiary, I. C. I. (Metals), Ltd., has supplied very large quantities of munitions. Their net profits in 1932 increased from £3,408,290 to £4,729,072, an increase of 39 per cent.

Their annual report was the model of discretion in dealing with the activities of their metal group. No direct reference was made to the slaughter of Chinese and Japanese on the plains of Manchuria, but it was remarked: 'Sporting-ammunition business was good. Although financial stringency and a poor shooting season combined to render home sales disappointing, export trade substantially increased, the lower sterling exchange having widened markets in which trade was formerly difficult.'

II

Armament firms have profited by the increase in the last year in Great Britain's military expenditure. In the critical year of the Disarmament Conference, the British navy is costing the taxpayer £53,370,000. This is an increase of more than £3,000,000 over last year, and private firms have received orders from the Government amounting to £2,442,500 more than last year.

Of the total of £8,068,690 spent on new construction, more than six and one half millions has been given in contracts to private firms, and less than one and one half million to government dockyards.

According to *The Times*, the army estimates this year constitute the 'first check in the progressive reductions carried out annually in post-war years.' The total spent this year is £37,950,000—that is, £1,462,000 more than in 1932. Territorial campaigns and the costs of mechanization account for the larger increases. The estimate for the Air Force, which costs the country £17,426,000, also shows an increase this year, accounted for mainly by reëquipment in the addition of new and deadlier bombing machines and by the increased amount of ammunition and torpedoes required in the development of aërial manœuvres.

Apart from the home increase, the improvement in the foreign export market accounts for much of the improved prosperity in the armaments and allied industries. British firms export about one-third of the total of the world's arms exports. Licenses issued in 1932 by the Board of Trade, indorsed by the Foreign Office and the fighting services, numbered 392, excluding China and Japan, which are much the largest market of all.

Forty-four countries have been supplied with munitions of every type, including cannon and all their accessories, many types of guns and revolvers, tanks and armored cars, bombs and bombing apparatus, explosives of various kinds, torpedoes and submarine mines.

The countries that have received these arms have included not only the belligerents on both sides in Asia

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and South America, but also most European countries, and governments such as Afghanistan, the Dutch East Indies, Portuguese East and West Africa, Rumania, Russia, Turkey, and U. S. A., whose use of armaments covers many different purposes.

It will be seen from the variety and impartiality of this list that the old faith of the armorer put into the mouth of Undershaft by Bernard Shaw remains substantially unimpaired:—

'To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them without respect of persons or principles: to aristocrats and republicans, to Nihilist and Tsar, to capitalist and Socialist, to Protestant and Catholic, to burglar and policeman, to black man, white man, and yellow man, to all sorts and conditions, all nationalities, all faiths, all follies, all causes, and all crimes.'

But a close examination of the list shows that the impartiality is not complete. The defeated powers are, as we have seen, obtaining their armaments often by devious and secret means, and the recent decision of the British Government not to allow a German order for police planes to be supplied by British manufacturers represents a check, even if a small one, on the internationalism of armament firms. As nationalism grows, governments make an increasing effort to see that the arms supplied to foreign countries are a little behind the arms they keep for home use.

The situation could not be better summarized than in an interview recently given to the *Daily Express* by Mr. Sopwith, the chairman and joint managing director of Hawker Engineering Co., Ltd., and Hawker Aircraft, Ltd. Mr. Sopwith's statement shows a nice balance between commercial ambition and national patriotism:—

'I sell Hawker bombers and interceptors to other countries, as no foreign government will buy British machines unless they are identical with those sold to the Air Ministry. But although they may have our type of fighting machines we always have something in hand, for experimental work is not allowed to leave this country, and none of the machines actually in use is less than five years old in design.

'The Government is interested in disarmament while still wishing to keep some standard of aircraft production alive in this country. How can that standard be kept alive unless our manufacturers sell to the foreigner? If trading in armaments were illegal, like trading in drugs, there would be a question of moral responsibility. As it is, there is only a question of open competition. . . .

'We believe our machines and engines are the best, since all countries, except France, Italy, and America, buy from the British manufacturer. But Great Britain runs a grave danger in being thus outnumbered. Not a country but looks to the air for its defense. Germany has long since been experimenting in the construction of military aircraft in Holland and Sweden. Her inventors are also kept keen by designing for Russia.

'I hear of a scheme to abolish all military aircraft and the formation of an international board of control for civil aviation at Geneva. Were we to be reduced to civil aviation and a European war broke out, most of our large machines would be confiscated

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abroad. For Britain with her colonies, more than for any country, military aircraft is essential.'

III

Naturally the six nations that have fought three wars almost continuously during the Disarmament Conference have provided an especially good market for armament firms, mainly for Vickers-Armstrongs in England, Schneider's in France, and Skoda in Czechoslovakia.

The two wars involving Bolivia and Paraguay, Peru and Colombia have received little outside attention, except by the armament manufacturers, and by those groups of American and British financiers and industrialists who are concerned with these South American states as a field for their investments.

The Gran Chaco, control of which is the immediate cause of the war between Bolivia and Paraguay, contains valuable mineral wealth and is reported to contain a rich oil field, while control of Leticia, the cause of the war between Peru and Colombia, is important because it gives strategic command of the Upper Amazon basin and the eastern slopes of the Andes with their vast resources of timber, minerals, and rubber. Added to the possibilities of investments in such areas is the potentiality that their exploitation would give to the building of railways and the development of other forms of transport.

These wars have been kept going on the supplies of arms and munitions from the factories of Europe and the U. S. A. Official figures show that British firms have made the following contributions:—

To Bolivia, January, 1932–June, 1933: 2,130,550 rounds of ammunition; 99 machine guns; 6 tanks; spare parts of machinery.

To Paraguay, January, 1932–June, 1933: 16,570,000 cartridges, mainly rifle cartridges; 50 ammunition belts.

To Peru, January, 1933–June, 1933: 139,000 cartridges; 12,000 fuses; 9,000 rounds of ammunition; 12 aircraft machine guns; 42 bomb carriers.

To Colombia, January, 1933–June, 1933: 532,000 cartridges; 5,819 kilos T.N.T.; 230 fuse lighters.

Most important of all for the arms firms of the world has been the war between China and Japan, caused by the occupation by Japan of the territory of another member of the League of Nations. Although there is comparatively little fighting to-day, the colonization and militarization of the 'independent' state of Manchukuo by Japan creates a situation in which the armament firms can look ahead to continuous orders. Wars in the Far East have always provided an important market, and for years, even before the present war, huge quantities of war supplies were sent every year from Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, and Germany. But the last two years have seen a tremendous increase in this traffic.

English export firms in Shanghai supply tanks and armored plate; French firms supply artillery; the Czechoslovakians, machine guns; the Norwegians, explosives; the Belgians, revolvers; the Swedes, searchlights; the Germans, revolvers, munitions, and poison gas; the Americans, cotton for munitions and nitrates. All this officially.

The unofficial business is at least as large, and has advantages that are

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not to be overlooked. One can buy cheaper, especially old war material, where no production costs have to be reckoned, and the sales remain secret.

It is true that the British Government made a gesture at the beginning of the year when it decided that from February 27 it would grant no new licenses outside existing contracts for the export of arms destined for China and Japan. This embargo of arms and munitions of war had been discussed, first of all in the U. S. A. and afterward collectively in Geneva and individually by the arms-producing nations, mainly Great Britain and France.

The moral, but oddly illogical, gesture of the British Government in banning arms to the victim of the aggression as well as to the aggressor, pending decision by the other powers, seemed neatly calculated to prejudice the issue at Geneva. No similar action was taken by other powers and the British embargo was withdrawn. Not a gun less was manufactured. After the removal of the ban the armaments industry continued its flourishing way, having suffered no loss apart from the momentary inconvenience of a threatened embargo in the reality or permanence of which no one believed. Since then China has become the most lucrative of all markets for armament firms.

In this business, Vickers-Armstrongs and Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., benefit most in this country, but other firms, including several shipping firms, have also had their share.

From August 1932 to July 1933 no less than 117 licenses were issued to various munition makers for exports of arms and ammunition to China. During the first seven months of this year English firms have exported to China 29,000,000 Mauser cartridges, 360,000 smoke cartridges, 216,000 rifle cartridges, 100,000 revolver cartridges, 30,000 automatic rifles, 200 automatic revolvers, 250 rifles, 25 machine guns, four standard guns, and three Moth airplanes.

The contribution of British firms, mostly of Vickers-Armstrongs and Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., the first for armaments and the second for munitions, is indicated by the following figures for exports to China between August 1931 and June 1933: 46,270,000 cartridges of various descriptions (this is the figure according to the export licenses reported in the House of Commons, but there is reason to believe that the real figures are much larger; it is known, for instance, that during the period, December 6, 1932, to January 10, 1933, I. C. I. received orders for no less than 37,000,000 cartridges); 484,462 pounds T.N.T.; 80 machine guns; 24,287 pounds cordite; 12 Amphibian tanks.

The arms factories of Germany, too, have greatly increased their exports of arms and munitions to China. Throughout the period of the Sino-Japanese war the Nanking Government kept a representative in Berlin to deal with the arms traffic from Germany. To avoid too much publicity, ships belonging to Norway and other countries have frequently been used for transporting arms to China. This Nanking representative has bought up vast supplies of explosives, explosive gelatine, capsules, nitro-glycerine, black powder, guns, revolvers, and M. G. cartridges.

I. G. Farben (the German firm that corresponds to I. C. I. in this country) has supplied the bulk of these chemical

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war products. German firms have also supplied machine guns and other weapons, while Germany has also contributed to China's armament by lending thirty-three officers to train Chinese soldiers in China.

Other countries have also had a hand in rearming China. French firms and the Czechoslovakian firm of Skoda have exported rifles and cartridges as well as heavier armaments, while in the U. S. A. the Chinese Government recently ordered 36 Curtiss Hawk single-seater fighting planes to form the nucleus of a Chinese air force. Each plane will be equipped with two machine guns, and the value of the contract is £200,000. For some time American aviators have helped to instruct the Chinese in aviation. With American instructors, German military instructors, and engineering instructors from various industrial countries, China is being rapidly educated in the ways of the West.

China, having learned by bitter experience that she can no longer rely on the League of Nations, is planning to become a great military nation, and is now building up her own arms industry. The making of arms as an industry, like other industries, is a new thing in China.

There are at present only three considerable arsenals in the whole of China: the biggest, in Mukden, is now occupied by the Japanese. The Nanking arsenal produces an average of 10,000 rounds of ammunition a day, and about 40 rifles. The Canton arsenal is now reëquipped, and its daily output is about the same as that of Nanking. There is also an arsenal in Hankow that has been used specially for the making of trench mortars.

So European and American firms arm China to-day. When it was a question of helping China to withstand the imperialistic annexation of Manchuria by Japan, these same nations stood by and refused to take action to interfere with the Japanese programme. But they are ready to make what money they can out of preparations that help to keep China in poverty and that make another great war in the Far East inevitable.

IV

The position of Japan is different because of the large home industry, which has supplemented the imports from Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and the U. S. A. Japan's military expenditure in Manchuria and Shanghai up till February 29, 1932, alone cost £9,000,000. For the first six months of 1933 expenditure on the Manchurian affair and on armament improvements cost 400,000,000 yen. During the next three years the naval-replenishment programme alone, which was agreed upon in June 1933, will involve, according to the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, a total cost of 530,000,000 yen. Besides the building of new ships, provision will be made for the creation of more air squadrons. It is little wonder that arms and munitions firms such as the Mitsubishi have had record profits during the past two years.

In addition to her own home output, Japan has bought extensively from this country, France, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and the U. S. A. Detailed figures have been given in the House of Commons for the arms and munitions sold by British firms, which include no less than 1,600 machine guns and 8,962,500 cartridges of

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various descriptions, together with large quantities of spare parts.

In France fighting planes and munition plants in places such as Breguet and Potez are working overtime to produce war supplies for Japan. The Hotchkiss factory has been working steadily on Japanese contracts for machine guns, while the Japanese military attaché in Paris has a permanent room engaged at the Hotchkiss testing range.

American firms, too, have profited from this prolonged war in the Far East and the increased demand of Japan for arms and munitions and the raw materials from which they are manufactured. As the New York *Nation* of March 22, 1933, pointed out, the U. S. A. Department of Commerce has stated 'that while the total volume of American trade with the Far East slumped considerably in 1932, Japan in that year bought from the United States 28 per cent more raw cotton than in 1931, 200 per cent more kerosene oil, 33 per cent more crude petroleum, 16 per cent more lead, and larger quantities of iron and steel.'

Another commercial periodical, *Steel*, recently said that 'the foreign situation as it pertains especially to Japan and China is commanding the attention of steel-makers. American iron and steel exports in January made a sudden spurt to 56,270 tons, the largest since last May, and of this amount Japan took 24,662 tons.'

In addition to these arms, Japan has bought tremendous quantities of scrap iron, and ships for breaking-up purposes. During the past three years she has purchased no less than seventy-six old foreign liners, tankers, and cargo boats, and twenty steamships have come from British firms alone, the remainder having been purchased on the Continent.

The purchasers in Japan have been mainly the Amakasu Ship-Breaking Company of Yokohama and the Hashimoto Company of Osaka. It is obvious that Japan has bought these liners for their iron and steel, and the natural assumption is that she will break them up for munitions of war.

Thus China and Japan, helped by the arms firms of the world, prepare for war on a big scale in the Far East. At the same time the conflicting interests of Japanese, American, and British imperialisms are sharpened by the crisis. It is impossible to forecast the groupings that the crisis will necessitate. But, as the *Sunday Express* once said: 'The armament makers of France, Britain, and other countries do not care whether there is a war on or not. Business is good. The export trade in munitions to China and Japan flourishes.'

II. Speech of a Fool

By Theodor Lessing

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

HONORED fellow fools of both sexes: I believe that no one of us, no one in Europe or America, nobody, that is, in countries where business men and educated people live, uses more foolish words than 'prog-

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ress,' 'civilization,' and 'technological achievements.' I believe that there is not one of us who has not gradually perceived what the most intelligent people were saying centuries ago: 'We are headed for chaos.' Thanks to culture, the collapse of culture approaches. Thanks to sheer cleverness, we are approaching madness. Our very achievements and progress, the whole world of things that we have created, especially our artificial products, are now outgrowing us so rapidly that we are constantly forced to make new inventions in order to protect ourselves from the consequences of previous inventions.

To-day we invent the radio, which carries the voice of any fool to everybody in the world. To-morrow we must therefore invent a radio-silencer to prevent that voice from being heard. To-day we invent an odorless, invisible, and instantaneously fatal poison gas, and to-morrow we must invent a new mask that will protect us from this gas. We invent television, which enables the same person to appear as a phantom in many different places at once, and therefore to-morrow we must discover some apparatus to prevent these visions from intruding into the private lives of us all. We invent a self-steering airplane that drops bombs or bacteria, and to-morrow we must discover electric waves to prevent that self-steering machine from functioning. We fight printed pages with more printed pages, medicine with medicine, and physics with physics.

Every attempt to interfere with the automatic regulation of nature has brought forth some evil that can be counteracted only by another evil. Drain the Zuider Zee in order to make new land for men and you breed so many vermin and noxious insects that the new land is nothing but a new nuisance. Kill beasts of prey, and in destroying the enemies of men you also destroy men. When forests are cut down and singing birds driven away and ores torn from the bosom of the earth, man must finally disappear along with the earth itself. We always dig the material for our houses from the soil on which we build them.

Thus every step we take forward damages us. But what are we to do—revert to primitive nature and prehistoric times? Impossible. Man is completely artificial and unnatural. If we were to abandon our spiritual achievements we should abandon humanity itself. If we suppressed our waking thoughts and deeds we should sink back to the level of plant and animal life. No, we must continue on the very dubious, very murderous path of culture, even if this path ultimately leads to the collapse of the spiritual world. For thirty years I have been writing books that set forth these doctrines. What of it? I simply wish to repeat my parable for the ten-thousandth time.

In 1914, when the World War began, I served in a 'rest home for high officers.' It was a madhouse, what we should to-day call a 'camouflaged' madhouse. It so happened that on account of the War many noble gentlemen were appointed to important posts in which they were guilty of incompetence and downright wrongdoing. It was impossible to remove them from the positions to which their rank entitled them, but a way out was discovered. From time to time they were sent on rest leave and came to the rest home where I served as a

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doctor. There were a hundred beds in it and some extraordinarily heroic personage lay in every one of them. Each one was making world history. Each one was changing the map of the world. Each one was determining the destiny of nations. Tremendous confusion would have resulted if by good fortune they had not all been caught up by an unbreakable mechanism—the mechanism in which men always take refuge when their understanding has reached the end of its rope.

II

This mechanism is called by such names as 'fatherland,' 'state,' 'religion,' 'church,' 'socialism,' 'army.' The names change, but it is always the same unbreakable organization. The natural community, which was in danger of being smashed to atoms, was artificially held together by a rational apparatus. Life was regulated by push buttons. Day and night, food and sleep—everything had its proper place in time, space, and law. It was then that I wrote my book, *Untergang der Erde* (*Collapse of the World*), and the essence of all that I had to say was this: 'Be as individualistic, as anarchistic as possible, be self-assured, heroic, be unique and alone. But, for God's sake, create that dictatorship of organization which is as natural as the breath of life.' Of course, I know what will be said in reply: 'The strong personality is the salvation of mankind.' 'History is a roundabout way of creating two or three great men.' 'Curses on all regimentation, all equality, all mechanism.'

Yes, I know these objections, but listen. If we are anarchistic, individualistic, free, capricious, we are so only because we are consigned to highly unnatural prisons. Are not morality, law, custom, logic itself such prisons? But does nature know any such prisons? What would happen if we were to follow our instincts freely like the wolf? Try and see. You will not only destroy others, but yourself as well. Instincts and the impulses of the blood are no longer valid. Everything that we know—law and organization, hygiene and reason—all this exists only because every fool must be protected from other fools and from himself. There is nobody who does not say to himself, 'But if people would only listen to me.' But if we had been able to learn anything from the year 1914 the collapse of 1918 would have been impossible. If we had learned anything from 1918 the madness of 1933 would be impossible. And if the present madness, which is called 'nation,' 'heroism,' and 'fatherland,' leaves behind disillusionment and poison another madness will arise with new names.

What all history teaches is deliverance from history itself. The meaning of all politics is deliverance from politicians. As long as great men exist who believe that they are called upon to make world history—and they are all fools, even as you and I—there is nothing to hope for. Hope can exist only in so far as it is possible to create a power quite independent of nations, classes, and great individuals. But, you will say to me, there are no such powers. Well, how about the multiplication table? Neither Napoleon, Cæsar, Hitler nor any other hero can make two and two equal five. When the sun rises everybody says 'Good morning.' We are not free to say 'Good night' at sunrise. Let us

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subordinate our earthly existence further to this internationalism of the spirit. Let us withhold more and more all credit for every invention and discovery from the ambition of any nation or individual. A nation that conceals an invention, a group that thinks for itself, stands in opposition to the whole meaning of the earth. Only the man who lives in the general international spirit fulfills his own unique individuality completely. No cell can be isolated in the cosmos without destroying itself and the cosmos as well. Away with the false doctrine that teaches universal struggle against everybody. Hurrah for internationalism—in other words, long live the spirit.

But of course I know that all your doubts and anxieties are directed against the spirit, and do you know why? Because you lack all-pervading love, because nature and blood are not in you, because you know nothing but the little, narrow ego, the nation, the state, the party. Here is my last word. The amount of living spirit that can rise up out of nature and become alive in human beings coincides with the amount of universal community feeling in their unconscious depths. There is as much spirit in the world as there is love, no more and no less. The one is the subterranean root, the other the green bough reaching up into the clear air. And the subterrestrial and the superterrestrial balance.

III. Second Thoughts on Germany

By 'Alain'

Translated from *Libres Propos*, Nîmes Literary Monthly

I DO not know the name of the German who said during the War: 'It is not true that man aspires to happiness; only the Englishman aspires in that direction.' This was quite unjust to the English, who let themselves be killed just as the citizens of other nations did—a strange way of achieving happiness. But these words by a German do clarify certain pages of Heine that I have just reread. Heine put us on guard against the serious type of German, of whom 'you French,' as he said, 'have no idea.' He then proceeded to remarkable predictions concerning the real German revolution, which he prophesied would be more terrible than the revolutions of humor and anger that had occurred up to that time. Few predictions are fulfilled, and this one did not come out as he foresaw. But what idea lay behind it? Can one draw some illumination from it? I believe so.

The great German achievement is the philosophy of nature outlined by Kant, who protects us from abstractions, and completed by Hegel. And, as the perspicacious Heine clearly saw, it is nothing more or less than Spinoza's pantheism set in motion and applied to political realities. Hegel is so little given to juggling with abstractions that he starts out, in his *Logic*, by exhausting the possibilities of pure ideas, and the very emptiness of these immaterial conceptions throws him into the arms of nature, where he begins to make painful and audacious progress in search of the spirit that lies

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captive in every animal. This prehuman poem is not without savage grandeur. Plants and animals in seething masses seek to advance and achieve deliverance, yet they are only able to multiply, to struggle against death without making appreciable progress, and then to go through the same process all over again.

Here is a rather striking symbol of many human beings who have not been able to better themselves but who count on their children. It is an infernal life circle, like the snake biting its own tail. But man ultimately emerged. The conquest of humanity by man has manifested itself in successive civilizations, arts, religions, and philosophies. It is the conquest of the spirit, or, to put the matter more strongly, the salvation of the spirit. Through temples, works, institutions, and commemorations, death finally comes to represent the advent of the spirit. I have begun by speaking obscurely so that this mystery of mysteries, and its power over the masses, may be felt the more keenly. For man remains tranquil at his work bench, feeling discontented without knowing why, and there he stays as long as he is ignorant or forgetful of that exigent master, the spirit.

II

Now how does man save himself? Not by the ambitious projects of reformers, for no law is ever decreed or put into practice, that is to say, no real law. Human society evolves as the crocodile makes and remakes his scaly envelope, for man has broken his envelope by methods very close to life, by working the soil, through which property and justice by arbitration were born, and by small-town business, through which bourgeois law was created (it was not at first called 'petty-bourgeois'). And political constitutions arose from the thoughts of people who never ventured beyond the borders of their own family and their own occupation. Such were and always will be the regulators of thought. Such is real logic and true dialectics. Neither knowledge of one's self nor even consciousness of one's self can exist except on a foundation of work, exchange, and morality. For it is from life that the spirit must be born and reborn. It must touch the earth as Antæus did. Arts, religions, and even philosophies perish if they are separated from the popular instinct, whence all their strength and light come. Such is the morality of the soil, the only morality that has moved the world, the only one that has accomplished anything.

In the light of these heroic perspectives consider the world of man, illuminated and instructed by electricity, served by the machine as a child is served by its nurse, until the point is reached when people let the machine think and wish for them. Consider also the mechanical arts, commercially distributed pleasure, in short, all those marvels that are called American and that are just as much German, or at least were so until yesterday. And, finally, remember mechanized warfare, which must be based on nothing but honor, yet which kills honor. Perhaps you will see that when this civilization wandered down a false road it committed an enormous mistake, due partly to its search for the utilitarian and partly to the abstract intelligence that has been manufacturing happiness at fixed rates as

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cheaply as possible. Consciousness that a truly diabolic error had been committed could not help rising among the very people who had displayed the greatest genius in creating industrial equipment. In the light of these considerations, however summary they may appear, you will perceive the soul and centre of the German upheaval that we are now watching so anxiously. The spirit is turning over, like a man asleep.

IV. Life in a Nazi Camp

By a Prisoner

From *The Times*, London Conservative Daily

FOR three years I was a pupil at the Agricultural School founded at Wolzig, near Königswüsterhausen, in 1929 by the Jewish Agricultural Committee. I am not a Jew but my family are poor, and, as the pupils at this school did not have to pay for either tuition or board and lodging, I was sent to study there. Besides, the teaching was supposed to be the best in Germany, and the school, being new, was very well fitted up. The farm belonging to it had livestock and all the latest equipment, including tractors, which you had to learn to drive dead straight across a field of barley. I had my certificate as a farm driver. In the evenings, after my work on the farm, I learned bookkeeping and typing. This year they started giving me 17 marks a week for my work.

The director of the school, Dr. Friedmann, was a Jew, and so were about 30 of the 43 pupils. Besides farming, courses were given in gardening, carpentry, tailoring, and shoemaking, and the workshops of each branch were in first-class order. Our ages ran between 13 and 18. None of us cared about politics; we were interested only in animals and in making things grow.

About the middle of May some S.A. men from the village came to inspect the school. They soon decided that it would do nicely for quartering voluntary labor contingents. Nothing happened till June 20. I got up that morning at about 5.30 and went to fetch corn to feed the chickens. When I reached the house again I saw all my fellow pupils and the staff standing in a line in front of a group of S.A. men. I was roughly told to line up too, and we were forced to climb into four lorries that the Nazis had brought to the door. We had to leave all our belongings behind! If we did not hurry to get into the lorries we were beaten with iron and hard-rubber cudgels. Then the S.A. leaders started off in their motor-cars while we followed in the lorries, each of which was armed with a machine gun. We were packed tight, thirty S.A. men and ten of us in each lorry. The S.A. men came from Berlin and belonged to three detachments of the Storkow troop. They were all heavily armed.

After an hour's drive we reached the Adolf Hitler Haus in the Voss-strasse in Berlin, where we had to wait for about three hours. We were not allowed to get out of the lorries and a crowd collected round us. The S.A. men told everybody to look at us well,

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as we were Jews and our fathers had robbed Germany of all its money since the War. When the people heard that they jeered at us, but we were beaten if we tried to reply to them.

At last the lorries moved off again and we were taken to the concentration camp at Oranienburg, about half an hour's drive from Berlin. We arrived at a building that had formerly been a power plant, and were told to get out. For about three hours we had to stand upright in a line in front of the door before they let us in; if anyone tried to sit down he was beaten. After that we were taken upstairs to a room where one S.A. man took our photographs in three positions, another took our fingerprints, a third removed everything from our pockets, and a fourth wrote down a description of each of us. Next we were shown a pile of straw and told to take as much of it as we needed for bedding. We then went into a large hall, which we were told was the place where in future we should sleep, eat, and generally live. Each was given a small cup of coffee and a piece of black bread, our first food for the day, and told to be careful not to complain.

Next day the camp routine began for us. We had to get up at five in the morning and do two hours' drill and military training. This consisted in instruction in handling rifles, in taking cover during air raids, in preparing to meet gas attacks, and in drill of every kind. Then came breakfast—a cup of coffee and two slices of black bread with jam. Manual work occupied us until twelve, when we had a pint of watery soup mixed with beans. On Sundays rice was added and, if you were lucky, you were given a slice of bread too. Work continued until late in the day, and there were two more hours of military training under the supervision of discharged soldiers who had enrolled as S.A. men. We were then given another cup of coffee with some more bread, and finally went to bed on our heaps of straw. The youngest of us, Manfred Benjamin, aged only 13, received the same treatment as the others and spent most of the time in tears.

Soon after my arrival a Nazi asked me if I could use a typewriter. I replied that I could, and he took me to the commandant of the camp, Captain Krüger, who gave me a job in the office. Here I learned something about how the camp was run and had a chance to talk to some of the prominent prisoners, such as the managing director of the German Broadcasting Company and the mayors of several of the smaller towns. I found there were about 2,500 prisoners in the camp, of whom only 5 per cent were Jews. The rest were Communists, Social Democrats, and other political enemies of Hitlerism. On August 18 about 102 S.A. men who had been 'lazy' were brought in for punishment. They underwent the same treatment as the others, except that they were not beaten. The routine was much the same for all the prisoners, although the Jews were made to keep to themselves and had to live in an enclosure about 25 yards square at one end of the camp. Prominent prisoners were punished more often than the others but everybody had his full share of beating, especially when the Nazis came back late in the evening from the neighboring beer saloon. Then they would come into the great hall and beat some of the prisoners savagely. They would also scrub them brutally

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all over with black boot polish and come back the next day to see if it had been washed off yet. If not, they scrubbed the prisoners again. In the whole camp there were only four closets and one hydrant for washing.

II

The camp was surrounded by a barbed-wire fence of seven ordinary strands and an electric live wire. We were warned not to go near it by red flags placed about five yards from it all along. The camp garrison consisted of about 300 men, divided into two watches, one of which was always on duty. Twenty men were posted on the roof of the main building with machine guns, and twenty more stood round it. Others were on guard at various places inside and outside the camp. There was no chance of escaping. At night the camp was lit by searchlights, and guards would come into the hall where we slept and flash torches on the prisoners.

My work in the office was to keep accounts, typewrite messages, and take fingerprints. I discovered that the camp had belonged at first only to the Nazis and had been taken over by the Government on April 22. Every prisoner was kept for a minimum of eight weeks and few had been released. They were all made to exchange every penny they had for camp money on their arrival and to pay 2.50 marks a day for their keep; the state provided 1.50 marks a day. In practice, the S.A. men pocketed all the money, as they sent out detachments to commandeer everything that was needed in the camp from the country round and entered up false accounts in the camp books. As for other personal belongings, these were put in a sack and divided among the S.A. men every week. When prominent prisoners arrived they were questioned. The commandant asked them where papers or weapons belonging to Communists were hidden and ordered them to answer quickly if they did not want to be 'helped.' 'Help' meant beating. When Herr Braun, of the Broadcasting Company, came down from the commandant's room he had had such a bad time that his eyes were closed and he could hardly see. One of us boys asked him if he would like some water to bathe his eyes, but he answered that he was afraid we should only get into trouble if we did anything for him and, in any case, he had 'finished with life.'

The posts were controlled by two S.A. officers, who opened all the letters that arrived in the camp and carefully censored them. Prisoners were never allowed to seal their own envelopes but had to hand their letters open to S.A. men. Once a week they might receive parcels weighing up to eleven pounds, which were usually not intercepted. On Sundays from 2 to 4 P.M. they could be visited by their relations, who might bring them presents; these, of course, were controlled. When it was reported that 'foreign aëroplanes had flown over Berlin,' the commandant called us together and told us that as a punishment we should receive no visits for three weeks, no letters for one week, and no lunch for two days.

The camp guard was made up of S.A. men, common people of the lowest kind. They get one mark for a full day's work and are given their board and lodging free. Every Monday they did military training with

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the *Reichswehr* in a little forest near the camp. The commandant and the higher commanders were S.S. (*Schutzstaffel*) men; these are enrolled from the upper classes and the old nobility and form the bodyguard of the Nazi leaders. They are better armed, and when the S.A. men are slack they stir them up. The result is that S.S. and S.A. men hate one another; when the S.S. came to inspect the camp they would generally quarrel with the S.A. guard. If both were drunk, as often happened, and had tired of beating prisoners they would fight among themselves.

The prominent prisoners included many members of the Reichstag and of the Landtag. Dr. Ludwig Levy, the state attorney of Potsdam, and the managing director of the Berlin Traffic Company had both been arrested in March and kept in the camp ever since. Well-known people like these were beaten every day and frequently deprived of lunch and visits. Two men committed suicide while I was there: Hermann Hagendorf, of Anhalt, who cut the veins of his wrist, and Walter Klausch, who hanged himself with his belt. Most of the prisoners dared not say a word after they had been beaten, but all night you could hear them groaning. When they were released they all had to sign two papers—a white one saying that the living conditions in the camp were good, and a blue one by which they promised to be good citizens in future.

The camp was run according to the whim of the commandant. Orders received in the office from outside authorities were mainly telegraphic messages telling the S.A. men where to look for arms and papers belonging to Communists.

At last, on August 22, the commandant decided to release us boys, who had only been arrested because the Government had no cheaper way of providing for us after they had taken over our school. He came at about 10.30 P.M. and told us we had two minutes to leave the camp; if we were not gone by that time we should never be let out at all. We went as fast as we could down the road to Berlin, and passed the night under a hedge about five miles from the camp. Early the next morning I went to a barber's shop and telephoned to the Jewish Agricultural Committee to come and fetch us. They brought us to Berlin in motor-cars, and there we slept in beds with sheets on them for the first time for two months.

A few days later, as I had a driving license, I managed to get a job as chauffeur to a lady who wanted to go to Switzerland, where my family were. At last we reached our destination, St. Gall, and I was safe.

V. Jazz in Japan

By Professor Leopold Winkler

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

EUROPEAN and American fads need time to reach Japan. But when they do arrive they catch hold with amazing force and reveal the tenacity of the Orient. Things that have gone out of style years ago in the West will

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suddenly enter upon a long lease of life over here and be regarded as the *dernier cri*. An example of this is the musical revue, which enjoyed a brief popularity in Europe some time ago. Only a limited number of theatres in Western countries now feature shows composed mainly of girls' legs and magnificent costumes, decorations, and lighting effects, although these elements have been injected here and there into operettas and plays. But in Japan the *grande revue* is the latest theatrical sensation. It is carrying everything before it and has become the talk of the town.

The classic Japanese theatre, or *kabuki*, is being forced to the wall. Ten years ago, before the great earthquake, six big Tokyo theatres were running *kabuki* dramas, but to-day not more than two of them are continuing this type of entertainment. Furthermore, the traditional home of the old Japanese drama, the architecturally imposing Kabukiza, presents several revues a year. For the revue has become the Japanese theatrical producer's consuming passion and chief source of income. At first the material that went into revues was of the standard type, but lately everything has been considered appropriate for 'girl shows' and a tendency has developed to turn anything from the world's dramatic literature into a revue.

The West provides most of the revue material, and every new film or new book that comes into the country serves the purpose. Two of Maurice Chevalier's best films were promptly made into revues with the same treatment, the same music, the same tunes; and Chevalier's jokes rendered into Japanese delighted the public. Then followed a revue version of *The Student Prince*, with Prussians dancing two-steps and Kathy and the Prince surrounded by half-naked waitresses, while the River Neckar flowed in jazz rhythm. Next came Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* adapted for Japanese children, and excited families took their youngest offspring to see it. Suddenly *Hamlet* appeared as a revue on a triple-decked stage, but this childish extravagance was generally regarded as a poor joke.

When the German film, *Mädchen in Uniform*, appeared it enjoyed unprecedented success throughout Japan and ran for weeks. The subject-matter is particularly timely and the result was that a month later a revue appeared with the same name, the same costumes, and the same stiff schoolmistress. Even the most tragic episode in the film did not present any obstacle but gave the opportunity for a sentimental parody. Since that time more and more girls in uniform have been appearing on the revue stage, and this month witnessed a harmless little dance number that copied the costumes and settings of the cinema.

II

An American film was then made into a revue with almost the same title and with a Japanese Marlene Dietrich singing English songs in the same masculine voice as the original. The evening was terminated by Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* as a revue, with a very effective setting that cleverly preserved the essentials and revealed an exhaustive study of the background of the play. Some of the most amusing court and forest scenes were represented as if performed by marionettes, a style that

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has now become universal in Japanese revues. But in the middle of these scenes girls always appeared in bathing suits with their arms, hips, and legs moving to a jazz tune. This jazzed-up Japanese *Midsummer Night's Dream* was a tremendous success. Its woodland scenes on a rotating stage were really worth seeing, and the dance- and sex-crazed young people came in droves.

That *The Marriage of Figaro*, *William Tell*, *Everyman*, a play of Calderón's, and even *Œdipus Rex* may finally appear as revues is by no means impossible. The leading producers of Japan explain that they want to present such classic pearls of the Western drama in their own way. They also want to produce modern plays, including several of Schnitzler's, Georg Kaiser's *Two Cravats*, and a drama by Zuckmayer.

The most remarkable thing about Japanese reviews is that only women appear on the stage. At first they were all that was needed, since only pure 'girl shows' were produced, and now that there are masculine rôles, they too are played by women. In consequence we witness the grotesque picture of a pretty Japanese girl acting the part that Chevalier played with charming virility in the original cinema version. We also see the parts of beer-drinking Heidelberg students taken by little Japanese girls. On the same Japanese stages where, in accordance with ancient tradition, all feminine rôles used to be played by men, girls are suddenly playing men's rôles.

A similar brand of art occurred a few years ago when the so-called 'girl opera' was presented in Takaradzuka, near Osaka. These were plays with music and little operas of the revue type given exclusively by women and now a huge theatre has been built for similar performances in Tokyo. One reason why women play all the parts is that Japanese actors are supposed to be incapable of performing European dances attractively, and it may well be that they are, for even the girls are rather awkward at dancing as soon as they get out of their kimonos. Most of the so-called Western music written for these revues is of a very inferior order. The best elements are the settings and costumes, in which Japan's great flair for the decorative arts has full play. Subtle, delicately colored scenery, skillfully varied lighting effects, revolving stages without curtains, and 'flower bridges' running out into the audience achieve remarkable results.

Up to now the enthusiasm for revues has not embraced many of the national Japanese dramas. But a few well-known works have been made into revues, notably *Kanshinsho*, *Shushingura*, and *Terakoja*. The first two are the most popular aristocratic dramas on the Japanese stage, very theatrical and therefore full of imaginative possibilities. They possess all the richly colored pomp and voluptuous stylistic virtues of the Japanese theatre. The last-named play is known in translation as *Game in a Village School*. But such adaptations of old plays are isolated instances. The subjects represented in most revues are chosen from the life of modern Japanese, and the recent military adventures in Manchuria have met with great success. Will the fad for jazz and revues finally extend to the literary masterpieces of classic Japanese drama?

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VI. The Poetry of Chesterton

By Desmond MacCarthy

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

THE prologue to that remarkable poem, 'Peter Bell,' opens (if I remember right) with two rather odd lines:—

> There's something in a flying horse,
> There's something in a huge balloon.

But Wordsworth goes on to say that the poet should prefer to sail the sky (be indulgent to these fancies) in a little boat if possible resembling the new moon. Now those familiar with the works of Chesterton will not be surprised to hear that, after reading him, I often catch myself murmuring those lines. Reading such novels as *Manalive* or *The Flying Inn* is not unlike the sensation of hanging on to a half-filled balloon that soars and bumps along, sometimes carrying you up into the air, and at others dragging you over fields and ditches on the queerest cross-country journey, where everything seems both unreal and familiar.

Have you heard, by the bye, of an amusing new American invention? It is a little private balloon that you can attach to your own shoulders and enables you to make surprising jumps and to float along, wind favoring, quite a long time above ground in perfect serenity. If this invention is what my fancy paints, we may see people bobbing and hovering about the countryside, clearing haystacks and cottages, getting entangled in telegraph wires, and landing, badly scratched and torn, in quickset hedges. And if we ever do see such sights, they will be emblems of the mental adventures, pleasures, and disasters with which readers of Chesterton are familiar. And his poetry?

Well, the emblem of 'the flying horse' also suits his poetry well. Pegasus, on which the ancients fancied all poets were mounted, is far from suggesting the qualities of specifically modern poetry; but it is an exceedingly happy image for the kind of poetry which, if it sometimes soars, more often gallops on the ground. Mr. Chesterton gallops more than he flies. Gallops? Charges would be the better word, thundering on, lance at rest, against what he hates, shouting war cries to the glory of that which he loves. And, if you allow yourself to be carried along by him, you will cease to care whether it is windmill or real giant you are charging together, for as long, that is, as you are drinking the wind of his speed and feeling beneath you the hammer and thud of his rhythm. But when the charge is over, when you look around, if you do *not* then see eye to eye with him, feel heart to heart with him, the glow may desert you and leave you wondering how much of your past exhilaration has been due to 'poetry' and how much to a most contagious, rhetorical, and generous enthusiasm.

Last week I attempted to enter into the mind of a writer whose merits are the exact opposite of those of him who is my subject to-day. If the House of Art had not many rooms, and the function of the critic did not present itself to me first as an obligation to look at the world through the author's own window, to share his

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view before deciding what he has made of it, Mr. Chesterton would suffer by the comparison. Last week I was judging an artist in words, frugal, skeptical, exact, and delicate, but without energy and passion; today it is one who is exuberant, careless, passionate, and believing.

How can I enjoy both? Well, most people find no difficulty, unless they are strapped by theories, in enjoying incompatible qualities in books and men—Blake and Crabbe, Dostoievski and Jane Austen; and without pretending—Heaven knows!—to be the perfect judge I appeal to Pope's maxim for critics:—

> A Perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ.

This is the second time I have read the collected poems of Chesterton through (they were collected first in 1927), and whatever doubts I have about this poetry I am in no doubt about this: Mr. Chesterton is not a minor poet. Nor is he a great one—that is equally certain. A minor poet (it is an exceedingly vague term) may, as is well known, produce one or two imperishable poems; but his vision does not embrace so much. His discoveries are apt to be less emotional than literary; they are discoveries of what words can be made to do. The great poet makes verbal and technical discoveries by the way, in virtue of the passion that possesses him for the things and ideas which impel him to write; his power springs from an attitude toward all experience.

I do not mean, of course, that he is not occupied with the technicalities of his craft; but there is something about his work, perceptible also where he has even failed; while the minor poet is one whom we admire only when we confine ourselves to reading his most successful poems and forget the rest. When we do read his inferior work that may sometimes show up his best. And the quite minor poet is one who shines only in fragments, whom even one whole poem somehow gives away.

It is an age of minor poetry, of tessellated phrases and brilliant glimpses. Both Chesterton and Kipling stand in that sense apart as faulty, fervid poets whose approach to poetry is nevertheless the grand one, through which greatness is achieved. They seldom rise to their best or above the mere expression of strong emotion, but to read the whole of their work adds to our sense of their achievement.

II

No poets could well be more temperamentally opposed to each other than Chesterton and Rudyard Kipling. Kipling's patriotism is imperial and political; his patriotic poems are platform oratory in verse. Chesterton's patriotism is mixed with a religious emotion deeper than any prayer to a God of Battles; it has its roots in a dream of earlier, more faithful ages. Both poets love fighting. But Kipling is inspired by the idea of fighting that ends in practical dominance. It is for spiritual dominance King Alfred fights in 'The Ballad of the White Horse,' Chesterton's longest poem; a poem, lavish and gaudy and grand, like a cathedral window; overcrowded with images created by a childlike love of glowing detail; constructed to convey lessons to all who behold it. It is not fighting as we

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know it that inspires him, but with sword and shield and spear, and such as pleases boyhood's fancy. It really matters little who wins in these tremendous and often too-prolonged contests, but the attitude of the fighter is all-important: the humility that makes a man hold his life cheap. For Chesterton there is a mystery in that recklessness, and something more precious in it than any end that can be won by victory.

> Death blazes bright above the cup,
> And clear above the crown.
> *But in that dream of battle*
> *We seem to tread it down.*

When he goes on: 'The heart of battle the happiest place for men!' we are indeed a long way off from the trenches of France and Flanders; farther than in any war poem of Kipling's, in which a more obstinate attempt is made to glorify actualities into poetry. Conflict, for him, leads to the heart of confidence and of laughter, too. Alas, most of his favorite properties and symbols no longer stimulate the modern imagination—the swords, mitres, horns, dragons, crowns, kings, arrows, wizards of which he is so fond; though holly and fire and snow have kept their glamour. He must have dragons to fight; life without dragons would be tame indeed. In his serious vein this is his answer to the problem of evil; in his moments of rollicking humor the source of the zest behind the resounding thwacks he deals the heads and sides of dragons of all sorts, speculative and political.

Without humility, he seems to repeat perpetually, you cannot read life, or, in a world so crammed with evil, laugh from the heart. If I were to venture upon a formula for Chesterton, I should call him the 'Poet of Humility.' It is the attitude he understands and honors most. Thus laughter itself becomes in some of his poems not only a response to the mystery of life, but a solution of it: the earth is full of the laughter of God.

> Dark the sea was: but I saw him,
> One great head with goggle eyes,
> Like a Diabolic Cherub
> Falling in those fallen skies.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For I saw that finny goblin
> Hidden in the abyss untrod;
> And I knew there can be laughter
> On the secret face of God.

The rare occasions on which he touches the theme of love in these poems it turns into a gesture of humility.

> Shade of high shame and honorable blindness
> When youth, in storm of dizzy and distant things,
> Finds the wild windfall of a little kindness
> And shakes to think that all the world has wings.

His passionate, democratic feeling is a product of that virtue, and the root of his lifelong antagonism to Mr. Kipling is not merely a matter of political differences. He has detected in that writer's work the arrogance that apes humility; one of the bitterest parodies in this book is a parody of the 'Recessional.' It is the arrogance and, when he has pinned it down, the absurdity, of thinkers who suppose they have taken the measure of nature and of life that rouses his wrath. Egotism is to him akin to madness. Turn to that nightmare poem in which he imagines he sees himself everywhere, even on the throne of God, then hails with joy the sodden face of a drunkard—a face

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at any rate *not* his own. See, too—it is one of his most successful feats of word-painting—that ominous poem, 'The Modern Manichee.' One of his best poems is the poem written to 'The Ass,' the emblem of humility.

In my boyhood there was a critical flag flying in all the reviews, inscribed 'The Renaissance of Wonder.' Wonder seems to Chesterton the permanently appropriate attitude toward life; wonder, with faith behind it. Reason, science are, in a general way his enemies, because in satisfying our curiosity they seem to kill wonder and destroy the sense that we are moving about in a magic world, where the queerest little things may be most significant, and the most familiar, unfathomable. Humility and the courage that springs from humility, not that which springs from pride, are his favorite virtues. These make him sing as a poet or—when he does n't sing—shout. He has the great poet's capacity to feel most what he values most. But, unlike the great poet, his art is second to his purpose, instead of being a purpose equal with it.

I see him as a literary figure, like one riding through life scattering largess. Sometimes there are only coppers in his pocket, sometimes silver; sometimes among the huddled coins, little worth, there comes a bit of pure gold. He does not care where it falls—into the common road of journalism, into the holes and corners of obscure little brief-lived magazines, into the pages of a novel he has begun in jest and quickly tired of. Largess, largess. 'What I have, I scatter. It's for you to decide its value. Only believe I mean what I say.' And in his best poetry and prose there is the literary equivalent of that generosity of gesture, of that magnanimity. He is not at all afraid of outrageous exaggerations, or of revealing everything he delights in—though that be sometimes a delight in foolery or bombast. I tire sometimes of his rollicking vein, and, like Noah in his own song, I grumble, 'I don't care where the water goes if it does n't get into the wine'—which does happen! But I never tire of a chivalrous radiance that shines in his best work, shines with a glitter of tears that are tears of joy; or of the solemnity of that climax his rhetoric sometimes reaches, when it has fought its way through paradoxes, jokes, and conceits to a final simplicity of expression.

VII. Rubber Pirates of the Amazon

By Louis Mosch

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

OUR boat is a keelless dugout about twenty-three feet long. Juan Yuraca and Guzman are paddling tirelessly with short-handled wooden paddles. Yuraca senior is crouching in the bow and keeping a sharp lookout. Driftwood would upset the boat. I am sitting in the stern managing the rudder. The river contains countless islands on which alligators are sunning themselves. To the right and left of us stretches a luxuriant forest—tree trunks, lianas, dark-green foliage, brooding heat. The banks are marshy,

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and a hot, putrid vapor lies over the water, which is covered with patches of green mould. A wild duck rises up cackling; a clucking coot and a flock of parrots whir by with much flapping of wings. An alligator slips slowly out of the mud into the stream. The silence is oppressive. The wall of trees is impenetrable, and the temperature overpowering. The journey is becoming irksome. One must watch one's every motion, or the dugout will lose its equilibrium. The river seems dead, but an involuntary bath, the noise of a struggling body, and alligators would seize their prey. Rio sin Pecho—'River without Fish'; the alligators have exterminated them.

After a three days' journey by boat we moor our dugout in the reeds and proceed on foot. Guzman and the two Yuracas slip through the closely interwoven plants like snakes. It takes all my energy to follow them, and I drip perspiration. I get caught on thorns that they pass smoothly by. I do not see obstacles. I fall over the roots of trees and get tangled in a confusion of climbing vines. One of the big trees has had the life sucked out of it by these vines, whose rank, luxuriant growth is all that still holds it upright. When I tear at the strands of the vine, which are as thick as my finger, the giant falls with a frightful crash. Thereafter I avoid old, decayed trees. A pungent odor makes breathing difficult. We are going uphill. The air reeks of vanilla. The blood is hammering in my temples, and there is a singing in my ears.

The *picada* goes straight ahead and then suddenly stops. Its continuation is to be found perhaps seventy or eighty feet to the side. That is the Indian way of making trails. Only those who are familiar with them can use them. Guzman and the Yuracas are experienced woodsmen. Like all Quichua Indians, they have inherited their bump of locality from their parents. With bare feet they walk along the beds of shallow brooks, following their winding course. One can not go through water, sand, and mud with shoes on, so I take mine off. Now Guzman bends over, now one of the two Yuracas. They are picking edible fruits and bulbs as they walk, without halting our forward progress, as we proceed in single file. An anteater walks by on the tips of his claws, careless of where he may go.

II

We pitch camp for the night in a clearing. I am ready, for I cannot stand the killing pace of the tough Indians. During the day I was driven to desperation by mosquito bites, and now the incessant biting of ants deprives me of the rest I long for. Juan packs fresh wood ashes about me; they protect against ants and snakes.

The next day I smear myself with some gun grease I have brought along, and the bloodthirsty gnats cannot get at me. A snake shoots diagonally across the picada, swift as an arrow. In the underbrush close by there are rustlings and whisperings. The creatures of the forest do not attack; they flee. At first even the melancholy hordes of monkeys take flight. Then curiosity torments them. Macaques with small, bearded human faces make so bold as to pelt the two-legged intruders with bark and nuts. Climbing from branch to branch, they accompany us for hours, making the most unbelievable grimaces. They are im-

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portunate clowns. Sometimes they are frightened by the dissonant cries of brilliantly colored cockatoos that fly away screeching in flocks. In the belief that danger is approaching, the monkeys take to their heels, but soon return, whistling, whispering, and spitting as they follow us. And always those frightful grimaces.

A swift-flowing yellow stream bars our progress. Guzman does not consider it necessary to go further. We have reached an *estrada*. Rubber trees do not stand in groves, but are scattered singly through the wood. Yuraca shows me one, but amid the confusion of trees and bushes as high as trees I cannot make out which is the rubber tree. At the edge of the racing stream we erect a scanty shelter of palm leaves and reeds. It will just suffice to keep off the morning dew. My three friends have lugged the *defumador* (the apparatus for smoking raw rubber), tools, weapons, clothes, and provisions. I did not carry a pack, but even so I do not lend a hand now. I am much too exhausted from my 'walk.' But my friends, who are experienced freebooters in the rubber woods, set about their work without delay. Equipped with a hunting knife, a hatchet, bowls, and a large can, they start tapping the trees. With the hatchet they make a diagonal incision the width of one's hand in the bark. The metal bowls, which can be easily fastened to the tree, receive the milky fluid that gushes out.

The trees are tapped in the morning. In the afternoon the latex, or 'milk,' is poured from the bowls on the wounded trees into the big can, and in the evening it is smoked. The Urucury palm provides suitable fuel. The fire is laid in a trench, and the defumador placed over it so that the smoke can escape only through its single opening. A wooden paddle is dipped in the latex and then held in the smoke. Under the influence of the smoke, a dry layer of rubber forms on the paddle. The 'milk' has curdled. The paddle is repeatedly dipped in the latex and then smoked. In this way a solid mass is formed on the paddle. The crude rubber thus produced, purified by the chemical substances contained in the smoke of the Urucury palm, takes the form of an amber-clear mass which later, when exposed to sun and air, assumes a darker color.

III

Butterflies as big as the palm of one's hand, gayly spotted with every color of the rainbow, flutter silently through the oppressive jungle dusk. Intending to catch one of them, I step out of the 'lines,' cut with a hunting knife, that lead to the individual rubber trees, and find myself in the thorny undergrowth. Two small eyes glitter. A tapir. The heavy, bristly, dark-brown animal rises hastily. White incisors protrude from his proboscis. The next moment I let fly with my revolver at his wide forehead. The animal collapses, grunting. A short, spasmodic quiver, and it is all over. I shot five times. The reports bring my friends to the scene. They laugh. A pleasant change, after the eternal monotony of beans, rice, and dried meat. They also laugh because they are able to interpret correctly my expenditure of ammunition. The *gringo* was frightened. Senseless, reckless shooting. I attempt to justify myself by pointing to the impressive incisors. Yes, all right, but nine times

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out of ten the tapir runs away. *Caramba!* Nine times out of ten! Was I to run the risk of this being the tenth time? Even a wild sow can be unpleasant. I withdraw in a huff. Moreover, I don't like the taste of the tapir's meat.

Juan kills a heron for its feathers, and Yuraca reproves him. There is no reason for drawing attention to ourselves. The forest belongs to some gentleman or other in Lima, New York, or London. Of course, this gentleman usually doesn't know even approximately where his rubber trees are situated, but he has employees in Manaos, in Iquitos. The *capatazes*, or foremen, range the forest with guides, tapping rubber trees for the owner. Yuraca 'feels' that *picadores* are near. A chance meeting would not be a picnic. Guzman and the two Yuracas would not start a parley with a long-winded conversation, for then they would lose out. That they know from bitter experience. They hate foreigners. The forest belongs to the Indians. They hate picadores, the hirelings of the foreigner.

In the evening howler monkeys give concerts. Coatis, who hang by their tails and are great artists, sing. A tenor begins with short, broken notes and the others join in. A little spider monkey sings at great length, trilling in the upper register. He has a white shock of hair on his head, like an artist. The monkey symphony ends with the onset of night. There are thick swarms of mosquitoes, beetles, and moths. Small martinlike cats with white faces and silky black coats climb as high as they can get and then stare down in amazement at our bivouac. Comical little guinea pigs with elephantine ears waddle thoughtfully by, rustling into the darkness. The place is crawling with life. There are murmurs, squeaks, roars, and whistles.

The frogs do not croak. They are huge fellows as big as two hands laid side by side, and they hammer, grunt, groan, and hold whistling duets. The gurgling frog laughter sounds as if it were emerging from a deep cellar. Fireflies begin their enchantment. Thousands of glittering green lights describe lines, circles, and garlands in the air, weaving glowing strands, and spinning skeins from shining threads. It is the forest lighting system. The light plates on the abdominal ring of the fireflies are now concealed, now revealed, so that the sparkling light will attract those of their own kind. Perhaps this advertising of the primitive forest also functions because shining creatures are less apt to be attacked. But the frogs do not join this carnival uproar; they are too watchful for prey.

The jaguar roams through the wood and his mate, who must be near by, answers his roar. Suddenly there is a fearful outcry, followed by squeaks, grunts, and rustlings. Animals glide, hop, and leap, then there is silence for a while. It seems as if every creature were keeping still in order to see if the big thief had gone away. A homeland without peace. From the green walls, built up leaf by leaf, and the dark confusion of the damp jungle come complaints and shouts of joy, weeping and singing, many-voiced and heart-rending. Bats and dark shadows flee from the flickering light of our camp fire. Yuraca senior is talking . . .

On the Amazon River, where the Marañon, the Huallaga, and the Ucayali all flow eastward into it, lies Iquitos, the notorious rubber em-

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porium. Its palmy days came to an end when the English and Americans succeeded in growing rubber trees in their tropical colonies. Iquitos's three-story hotel stands empty, its luxurious shops and inns are abandoned, cows and goats graze on its splendid boulevard, and monkeys disport themselves in its showy villas. All that used to be lives only in the memory of the few who have remained there, fortune hunters and adventurers, immutable of purpose, who wait and hope. One day, they dream, Iquitos will be what it once was—the Chicago of the Amazon. On holidays the local railway, a neglected plaything that has of course seen better days, steams into the jungle that comes right up to the gardens of the town houses. Excursionists go 'to see the primeval forest.' Iquitos is a fairy-tale city, lying like the Sleeping Beauty in the midst of a great forest.

'Our country is rich in rubber and foreigners in particular were permitted by the government to exploit the rubber land. With employees of their own race they conducted a rubber business in scattered *barracas*. Indians were and still are the picadores. My father was a mountain Indian, and in the mountains life is hard. One day a rubber official arrived, bringing liquor with him, much liquor. While intoxicated we did business with him, borrowed, and received more liquor. Then we were caught fast. Liquor is good and expensive, and we could n't pay him. Whole villages entered the rubber forest because of contracts they had been tricked into signing. For years on end we followed the picadas, tapped rubber trees, carried the rubber on our backs to the rivers, and floated it down to Iquitos. We were dragged to another barraca because our obligations had been transferred to another white man. But we received still more liquor on credit, and then we had to go again to another barraca. Things continued that way. Our debts grew constantly larger, and we kept getting transferred to other barracas. Rubber has taken the blood, the health, and the peace of our people. Many of us were dreadfully beaten because we tried to run away. Liquor consoled us, helped us to forget our troubles. The debt remained. Many perished. The unhealthy climate and bad treatment by the rubber owners . . .'

IV

Guzman is building a raft to carry our cargo. He skillfully binds thick bamboo canes together with rushes. I lie on my back near by, staring at the green walls of the forest. In the air or in the tops of the trees flash the brilliant bellies of wild ducks, birds of paradise sail overhead, and red, yellow, green, and brown feathered creatures dart by. On high trees, whose tops enjoy abundant light and sun, orchids suck the moisture from the cracks and fissures of the bark, shining orange and fiery red and golden yellow. The strange shapes and waxen texture of these marvelous flowers are hypnotizing, and their fantastic beauty make one long for them inexplicably. Yet to climb up to them lacerates one's skin and imperils one's life. And, in addition, these two-fold parasites are protected by deep-red fire ants that rush furiously at the orchid hunter and torment him, their bites burning like flames. The maddening pain makes me let go the

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branch. My friends manage more adroitly. They cut off the branch on which the orchid nestles, a prudent procedure that likewise keeps the exotic flower in transportable condition. Guzman weaves baskets of bast and packs the flowers in them between grass and leaves. We follow the tracks of tortoises and find hundreds of eggs as well as young and old tortoises.

I have long since accustomed myself to the noises of the wood, just as a passenger on a steamer becomes used to the pitching of the ship and the humming and pounding of its engine. But one day the forest grows still. There is a lifeless silence. In astonishment I peer through the tiny gaps in the roof of leaves. The little speck of heaven I can see is pitch black. Violent gusts of wind shake the mighty trees. Branches groan and break. A decayed tree crashes down into the thicket. For a second a distant roar is heard. Then the storm arrives.

A sheet of rain descends, and the next moment I find myself in a rushing torrent. The ground underneath me becomes treacherous. I lose my bearings and grope blindly through the jungle, which has suddenly become dark as night. I fall, and find myself sitting up to my breast in muddy water that is rushing past. In ten minutes the storm is over. Clear sunshine is pouring down on our rain-soaked camp site. The red earth is torn open. Our balls of rubber, baskets of orchids, and tortoise shells are lying scattered about among the blood-red hillocks. Through freshly opened fissures in the earth rain water is flowing. Our ark is floating on a pool of rain water. Fortunately it got firmly anchored among the bushes. The rainy months are approaching, bringing the end of the rubber season. The laborious work and the life of privation in the wilderness are coming to an end. Happy that the season is so far advanced, we load our harvest.

'Attention! Pronto!' As soon as we have pushed off, our light raft swings into the current of the rapid stream. Flying spray rises from rocky reefs. An eddy! Two swift strokes with the rear paddle change our course, and the next moment we are floating placidly on calmly murmuring water. Rocks ahead! The foaming water breaks into seething waves. Rapids! A call from the bow, the raft goes down the centre of the stream with threatening driftwood on either side, and then, before we know it, we are carried toward the shore and between rocky cliffs into churning white water. Raging waterfalls. We plunge wildly forward, bumping over rocks and circling around in eddies. The roar of the falls is deafening. But now the middle current seizes us, and we rush ahead with dizzy speed. The exciting play is repeated. Pearls of water gleam on the bronze bodies of the conquerors of the stream. They laugh, superbly carefree. At a river junction we turn aside, paddle upstream, and rest on a sand bank. The current in the Rio sin Pecho is still sluggish, but any hour the deluge, the tropical rainy period, may set in. Therefore we float downstream during the night to arrive easily and in plenty of time at the traders' camp on the broad Huallaga.

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Persons and Personages

The Late King Faisal

By Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

A CLEVER Orientalist once said: 'The Orientals are happy because they have *The Arabian Nights*. The Europeans are unhappy because they have not.' The Oriental always lives in the belief that Allah metes out compensatory justice. The beggar of to-day may through luck, cleverness, the intrigues of a beautiful woman, or even through personal merit become a minister, and a minister may suddenly find himself a pauper. Because the Asiatic proletarian believes in this possibility of happiness, he remains socially satisfied. Because the European proletarian does not believe in it, he works for social revolution.

There are still men in the Orient who have had careers typical of *The Arabian Nights*, but even in the Orient a certain change seems to have occurred. No longer does the good will of a eunuch, the pleasure of a pasha, or the love of a princess bring advancement but, remarkable as it may seem, courage, courage, courage—with luck and diplomacy added.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha had such a career, rising from the position of commander of a Turkish army corps on the Palestine front to ruler of modern Turkey. Riza Shah had such a career, rising from non-commissioned Cossack officer to Cossack colonel, then from colonel to Prime Minister and then to Emperor of Persia. King Ibn Saud had such a career. He was born a son of an exiled Arabian monarch and set out at the age of eighteen to win back his father's kingdom, just as the Prince in *The Arabian Nights* goes to do battle against the evil jinnee.

And between these three soldiers ruled a fourth king from *The Arabian Nights*, living in Bagdad, the city of Harun al-Rashid. He too was a new man on the throne, who had also commenced his career on the field of battle. He too was a figure out of *The Arabian Nights*, but King Faisal of Irak was a very different kind of man from his three neighbors. The delicate descendant of a line of aristocratic priests, he adapted himself to the more robust methods of the new politics of the Orient. King Ibn Saud, his southern neighbor, is physically the strongest man in his kingdom, a man of unlimited vital energy who has been married a hundred and fifty times, although he never has more than four wives at once. His western neighbor, Riza Shah, is at least as big a man as Ibn

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Saud, and, whereas the King of Arabia is a comparatively slender man, the Shah of Persia looks like a Pomeranian *Junker*, bony, muscular, with a square head and powerful jaw. The dictator of Turkey is built in the same way. He is an old soldier who can always summon up his ultimate physical reserves for battle or pleasure.

Faisal of Irak was, as I have said, a different type of man. Medium-sized, thin, and with melancholy eyes, he was always slightly ill, and the climate of his capital did not agree with him. He fled to Europe as often as he could and brought back a love of European customs, fashions, and reforms to his own country, which is half desert, a quarter mountains, and a quarter marsh land. He returned to Bagdad as a foreigner and remained a foreigner there. He was the man whom England protected and wanted. During the World War Faisal served with the 'army' of the famous Colonel Lawrence, who led four thousand Bedouins against the Turks. And by his presence Faisal forced the Mohammedan subjects of the Allied Powers to realize that the war against Turkey and against the Central Powers was pleasing to Allah, for this man who was descended from Mohammed held it his religious duty to break his word to the Caliph and to battle against him.

Courage, as I have said, is well rewarded in the Orient. Because Faisal had been in the field he entered Damascus in triumph after the Allied Powers had defeated the Turks. Because he marched into Damascus, the English made him King of Syria. And when the French, who opposed him, drove him out in the summer of 1920, England had to find another throne for its protégé and made him King of Irak. But this crown did not yield him unmixed pleasure. In spite of the huge sums of money that England poured into this land of petroleum, whose roads and airways lead to India, it remained poor. Less than two-thirds of the population are Arabs. Half a million are Kurds and Turks, who are much more warlike than the Arabs, whom they hold in tremendous contempt. A quarter of a million are Persians, who have recently been casting their eyes across the border, while the million and a half Arabs are at odds with each other. The Bedouins are inclined to sympathize with the Bedouin leader, Ibn Saud, and they show supreme contempt for the Arabian city dwellers and peasants, who in turn are divided into religious sects of their own.

THUS it came to pass that the King, as a Sunnite, belonged to a sect that could maintain itself only as long as it was supported by the Kurds and Turks, while, as an Arab by race, he belonged to a people whose national loyalties run counter to those of the Turks and Kurds. Since the Arabs of Irak were not willing to perform military service and since the King, as he once confessed to me himself, did not want to arm his

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Bedouins because he was not sure whom they would use their weapons against, it was clear that this kingdom could exist only as long as England extended a protecting hand or, to put the matter less poetically, as long as England's bombing planes flew above it for protection.

This fact dictated Faisal's policy and he remained true to England. But the enthusiastic young people of Irak opposed him, since they are as nationalistic in thought and feeling and have as little use for mighty England as the young people of Calcutta or Cairo. But whereas the English threaten Indian and Egyptian nationalists with troops and warships, the opposite method was used in Bagdad. The ultimate threat was to suggest withdrawal of the British garrison, so that the Arabian nationalists could see how they would fare against the warlike Kurds and their other neighbors. The method always worked. Relations with England became friendly and Irak was taken into the League of Nations. The financial difficulties of the country were somewhat improved when King Faisal received a handsome sum for granting a concession to build a railway, and a pipe line as well, from Haifa to Bagdad and Mosul, and the army began to be brought up to date. It seemed as if the King, who had been steering his ship of state through innumerable reefs for twelve years, had at last reached quiet water.

During the last year he began to make new political plans. It seems that Faisal wanted to realize the dream of his father, old King Husein, who died in exile, and gain leadership over a united North Arabia, bringing Syria, Irak, and Transjordania under his sceptre. In various utterances to the nationalists, he expressed his support of this pan-Arabian idea, almost too explicitly to suit those cautious, shy diplomats. Then destiny played him a mean trick. The Christian Assyrians, to whom King Faisal, the British Government, and the League of Nations had promised, in a peace treaty signed with Turkey in 1925, territorial autonomy, freedom from taxation, and other fine things,—promises that were not kept,—were sinking into greater and greater misery.

This little nation, the oldest Christian sect in the world, had fought bravely on the side of England against the Turks and Persians, with the result that both the Turks and Persians took vengeance on it when the World War ended. Twenty thousand of a total population of a hundred thousand fled to Irak to be under English protection. About fourteen thousand remained in Persia, but kept trying to rejoin their coreligionists in Irak, who seemed doomed to extinction, since the hard-hearted nationalists of Irak had not allowed them to form a single community, but had divided them up into villages of not more than a hundred families each and established them on barren soil where malaria was rampant. When the Persian tribes of Assyrian Christians attempted to cross the Irakian border a few weeks ago and unite with their brothers, this served

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as a signal for a pogrom of the Christians in Irak. Hundreds of men, women, and children were killed.

This was too much even for the League of Nations, which had made Turkey surrender important territory north of Mosul and given it to Irak with the understanding that it was to be a home for the Assyrian Christians. But this pogrom gave many of Faisal's opponents a welcome opportunity to dampen the sympathies that had been aroused in Europe for this modern, friendly, elegant ruler. The King understood this danger and decided to dispatch his best diplomat, that is to say, himself. He hastened to Switzerland to undo the harm that Kurdish murderers had done, and now he is returning from this journey in a coffin. His young, immature son, Ghazi, sits on the throne. Nobody knows anything about him except that his father complained about the young man's unwillingness to study. It therefore seems that he is going to serve as an illustration for the Arabian proverb, 'It is difficult to be an heir,' especially an heir to the throne of Harun al-Rashid.

Interviewing General Araki

By Maurice Lachin

Translated from the *Journal des Débats*, Paris Conservative Daily

WHEN you mention General Sadao Araki's name in Japan you will find that the people you speak to react in two ways. Some smile with a knowing air, whereas others pensively pretend not to understand the meaning of your question. General Sadao Araki already occupies a sufficiently important rôle to have entered into political realities, such as they are in Japan, but not a sufficiently imperative rôle to have become a legendary figure.

'You will see in him,' a retired general told me, 'a great friend of France. I have known him more than thirty years, from the time when he was a very young man. To-day he is just as I have always known him. For thirty years his ideas have developed along the same line, and the brilliant pupil at military school has now become minister of war.'

I spent some minutes contemplating the Minister of War's office, into which an obsequious lieutenant colonel had led me. It was not quite a salon. Yet it was a big room furnished in good taste with a large table in the centre, and on one wall a picture of the Russo-Japanese War and on another a bronze bas-relief showing three Japanese soldiers in campaign uniform apparently charging an invisible enemy. In front of me was a big clock that was soon going to count implacably the minutes that the Minister of War could devote to me. I was vaguely watching

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the slow motion of its hands when an officer entered. He looked soft under his military uniform. His features were thin. He had deep, chestnut eyes and a military moustache, like all the Japanese. From his person radiated contempt for everything that had to do with his own appearance. I had barely had time to look this newcomer over when the interpreter who accompanied me rose with a military gesture and introduced him as General Sadáo Araki.

He then sat down in front of me. There was a big star on the left side of his uniform and a little one on the right. On his epaulettes were two stars that indicated his rank as lieutenant general. That was the sum total of General Araki's adornment. But where his capricious, almost religious nature revealed itself was in the modulations that he gave to his voice while he explained, as if he were reading a breviary, the aims of Japanese policy.

'Tell me of yourself, Mr. Minister,' I said to him first. 'You are the man of the hour, the dictator of to-morrow, some people say. Did you set yourself the task of achieving the mission that you are fulfilling to-day, while you are still young?'

The General smiled at this question and then spoke in the most natural way in the world of himself and his youthful dreams. 'Before entering the army,' he replied, 'I had many ambitions. First, I thought of the sea. Was n't it by the sea that the foreigner had come and imposed his will on us? I wanted to be a naval engineer, to build powerful warships, to develop commerce, to put luxury goods within the reach of everybody, to give each individual a chance to live. But the Russian menace arose and I understood that the army was just as important a factor, if not a great deal more important one, for Japan's security, and I decided to enter it and serve my country as a faithful soldier. I certainly did not think of preparing for war; I only wished to work for the stabilization of the Japanese people's life as far as their security and national defense were concerned. Since then I have always thought of Russia, and I think of it often, even now.'

THUS General Araki told me the story of his adolescent dreams. And I could not help thinking that since the time when he conceived them they had been realized, thanks to the energy of the Japanese people. But the life of the people to which General Araki had alluded, how did he conceive of it, and how did he harmonize it with the Meiji Constitution? I asked him this question.

'The essential character of the Japanese Constitution has never changed,' he said. 'The Emperor Meiji himself merely promulgated in writing what was imbedded in the soul of the Japanese people, at the same time introducing a new administration. What the Emperor Meiji

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wanted was to permit the people to participate in the government of the country, and the Constitution outlined by the Emperor was the best means of realizing this aim. But the application of this Constitution has not yielded the results that the Emperor counted upon, because though people have pretended to respect it in letter, too many powerful people have altered it in spirit. That is why all the better-thinking element in the country demands a return to the true Constitution of the Emperor Meiji.'

When I alluded to the military 'preponderance,' the General added: 'It is not true that we exercise a dictatorship. That is an incorrect interpretation given abroad. Due to the special circumstances in Japan, we soldiers are merely doing our duty as we see it. If the accomplishment of our task gives us this "preponderance," we can only accept it.'

I then asked the General a question that had been on the tip of my tongue for a long time: 'What do you think of Fascism in Japan?'

'One must distrust certain foreign words,' General Araki declared. 'The Japanese people use them without understanding their exact meaning. Thus they call the mountain chain that runs the length of Japan "the Alps."' While speaking, General Araki was beating the palm of his hand. 'The Japanese people,' he continued, 'have a very vague idea of Fascism. Some consider it the negation of all representative government. Others believe it is a movement opposed to Communism. Still others regard it as a force that is hostile to democracy.'

'That is a negative programme,' I interrupted, 'and it might be said that there are all those things in Fascism, but what is the positive programme of Fascism in Japan?'

'I shall not comment on it,' said General Araki, 'for Fascism in Japan is simply a movement to bring the national spirit to life again, the Japanese spirit that has been transmitted by the laws of the "eternal Emperors."'

For some minutes General Araki had been showing a certain nervousness. The visit of some important personage had been announced and the interview had lasted over half an hour. The clock that I had admired now seemed intolerable, for without any consideration it was continuing to mark the passage of the hour.

'What is the attitude of the Japanese army toward Fascism?' I asked.

'The Japanese army has no occasion to occupy itself with political movements,' the General said. 'Being a soldier means serving the Emperor and his country. But the spirit that animates Fascist organizations, which want closer contact between the Emperor and the people, is the same spirit that inspires the army, a living force and an idea that gives life to the nation. Furthermore, it is the duty of the military leaders

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to form young soldiers and officers in this spirit, which they should constantly endeavor to raise to an ever higher level.'

As our interview drew to a close I asked one more question, about Manchuria.

'The action of the Japanese army was wrongly interpreted, not only abroad but even by certain Japanese. Our purpose is to maintain peace and order in the Far East. Being a patriot is one way of remaining faithful to peace and humanity. The state of anarchy and despair into which China was plunged provoked developments of which we were the first victims. We had to protect our own security, and the measures we took in Manchuria were never more than necessity required.'

The General now rose. We took leave of him and excused ourself for having kept him so long. Outside, the lieutenant colonel greeted us with his amiable smile.

Is General Araki the master of Japan's destiny or a puppet of the colonels, as some pretend? It makes no difference. For this General, with the aspect of a monk, who as a young man dreamed only of developing the navy, the army, and the well-being of the people, possesses a will power dominated by mysticism. These are certainly the qualities of a leader, perhaps of a ruler.

Sacha Guitry

By Francis de Croisset

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Independent Weekly of the Left

Once upon a time, more than a quarter century ago, when I was twenty years old, I lived in a little apartment on the rue de Monceau. Although it was small I did not have enough chairs to make it livable. Therefore I baptized my least diminutive chamber the 'fencing room,' which permitted me to furnish it with a divan, two masks, and four sabres. When I was entertaining friends my servant would bring in a table, and it was here that I had lunch with my friend, Jean Guitry, and his younger brother, a schoolboy of sixteen who already had a past. At the age of five he had performed in a comedy at St. Petersburg before the Tsar, and when he returned to Paris he succeeded in getting himself expelled from nine schools in succession. At the time I met him he was just being expelled from the tenth. Having written several plays and dreamed of acting in them, he had visiting cards printed with the following words: 'Student, dramatic author, and former actor.'

Moreover, he was charming. He had fascinating eyes that took in everything. He was thin and blond, with too much hair, a style that he

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purposely affected. He was gay, and when he was not actually laughing he was smiling, and in his smile there was all that optimism and youth that thirty years of Paris have not changed. This boy was Sacha Guitry.

'You should do something for him,' said his brother, who was two or three years older. 'I assure you that he possesses astonishing literary gifts, though they are not yet formidable.'

I can still hear Sacha protesting, 'No, these are mere beginnings. When I have written a real play I shall bring it to you.'

'He will keep his word,' said Jean jokingly, adding, with infinite tenderness and a little pity, 'Sacha is a hard worker.'

I liked his brother Jean very much. He had a generous heart and a droll spirit that delighted me. He was extremely intelligent, but exertion seemed useless to him. All he asked was to be happy, and he was. For a long time people thought that he was lazy, but that was not it: he was happy.

I did not see Sacha again for some time. He was very busy. It was the examination period and he was changing schools. Besides, he was working at a task of his own choice. Without neglecting his dramatic efforts, he had taken up for the moment the profession of teacher. He had invited to his school, which was rather a comical affair, a class of young girls to whom he gave lectures in make-up. These were the only lectures he ever attended.

ONE fine day, after I had installed myself in a new apartment,—for I changed apartments as often as he changed schools,—Sacha appeared with a manuscript in his hands. 'Here,' he said. 'I am bringing you my play. I am satisfied with it. It is an operetta. If you are smart you will have it performed for me.' And then he added, for he was already malicious, 'You have so much influence.'

I had no influence, but it did not depress me to have him affirm the contrary. I had already had one play performed, and when he looked at me I discerned a little timidity in his eyes. That timidity has since disappeared.

I read his manuscript while Sacha sat before me at the table lighting one cigarette after another and interrupting me every time I turned a page to say, 'Where are you?' The play was lively and gay, but he will not bear me ill will if I declare that he has done better since. Nevertheless, the rhymed couplets already had his own inimitable touch. The piece was called *Le Page*, I do not know why, probably because while Sacha was trying to think of a title he had looked at himself in the mirror.

At that time the one-act play was in vogue and I knew that Jules Berny, the celebrated pianist, who had just purchased the Mathurins

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Theatre, was looking for an operetta. 'I believe I can get your play a hearing, but have you thought of a musician?'

Sacha replied, 'Don't worry about that. I have what is needed. Give me a letter to the producer and I'll take care of the rest.'

I gave him the letter and he went out brandishing it as if I had given him a draft on glory. For two weeks I heard no more from him and then one morning he came in like a hurricane while I was at breakfast, carrying several rolls of manuscript under his arm and shouting, 'Here it is. My operetta is in rehearsal. I am going to introduce you to my musician. He has prodigious talent. It is his first piece, too. Hurry.'

'What time is your rehearsal?'

'Two o'clock,' he replied. 'But I have summoned everybody at quarter of one.'

When we arrived at the boulevard Malesherbes his happiness rejuvenated him still further, and he looked like just what he really was, a schoolboy. Showing me his manuscript, he said, 'You think that this makes it clear that I am a dramatic author?'

We arrived in the Mathurins Theatre. Of course nobody else was there except a moth-eaten old man who was wandering about.

'There he is,' said Sacha, pointing to him. 'There he is.'

'Who's that?' I asked.

'Why, my collaborator.'

He was the oldest man I had ever seen in my life, at least he produced that effect in contrast with Sacha. If the two men had collaborated on their ages, they would have had eighty-two years between them, and Sacha will not mind my declaring that his part in the collaboration would have been singularly small. The musician's name was Ludo Ratz, and he might have been Sacha's great-grandfather. He wore a white beard and eyeglasses. Sacha explained that he was a professor at the Polytechnic Institute and wrote music mathematically. He had had to wait forty-eight years to have any performed.

The play, which was charming and had very agreeable music, ran for thirty performances. The composer died shortly afterward, through Sacha's fault. But Sacha has no cause for remorse, since the old man undoubtedly died of happiness.

WHAT curious things memories are. I was delighted to have helped get Guitry's play performed, but at the time the only value for me of that small event in my life was that I had been able to give him pleasure. Not until later did I understand the importance and realize the significance of what I had done. Of course, he would have gotten on without me. It would have required much less ingenuity to place his manuscript than it did for him to get expelled from twelve schools.

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But I am happy to have been able to appear, if only for a second, in the rôle of fate.

There are people one loves and people one admires. Life is badly arranged and they are rarely the same people. But during the thirty years in which Sacha's brilliant work has excited, amused, and enchanted Paris, each one of these triumphs has caused me almost as much pleasure as he himself received. Since this pleasure comes from a fellow craftsman, it would seem abnormal if it were not so generally shared by other members of his craft, even those who never worked with him.

Sacha Guitry is not a great dramatic author; he is something better than that, at any rate something more special. He has written eighty-five plays, at least he had written eighty-five plays when I saw him day before yesterday, for I do not know where he has got to to-day. Some are better than others but all of them, even the lightest, are made of a pure, precious metal impregnated with his genius. If he wrote a comedy under a pseudonym he would not deceive anybody. His plays are recognized as one recognizes a Fragonard, a Vermeer, or a Frans Hals in a museum. But what is more surprising is that all these masterpieces do not seem to have cost him any pains to write. I even wonder whether they cost him much effort. He exudes rather than discovers ideas, scenarios, and scenes. The dialogue is his own language. When you talk to him you perceive that all his replies are lines from the stage. He does not search out ideas; they are in him and they solicit him. Goethe's phrase, 'Work is a deliverance,' might have been invented by Sacha. He learned to act in the school of the greatest actor of our time, the school of Lucien Guitry, but he learned this as he learned everything else, not by setting himself a definite job but by reason of the genius that is in him. The theatre is more than his element. It is his whole horizon.

No one is more loyal than Guitry to friends whom he has known for a long time. But perhaps he prefers the friends whom he has never known, the public. It is with the public that he lives, it is his confidant and often his confessor. For thirty years he has communicated to it his joys and sorrows. For thirty years Sacha and the public have come together every evening with mutual confidence and good cheer. Sacha does n't get tired of talking any more than the public gets tired of hearing him. Also, he gets little out of living in that adorable house that his father left him, surrounded by precious collections and precious manuscripts, even though he cherishes a pious love of arts and letters. In the evening he always regrets leaving the theatre. If he could he would sleep on the stage and would have the footlights turned on so that he could read in bed. He is a real case, the Sacha case. He would seem strange if there had not been a precedent, the case of Molière.

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The creator of Fascism defines his political and social doctrines, which are now spreading throughout the world.

The Doctrine of FASCISM

By BENITO MUSSOLINI

Translated by JANE SOAMES

From the *Political Quarterly*
London Quarterly

[*This is an authorized translation of an article contributed by the Duce last year to the 14th volume of the 'Enciclopedia Italiana.' References to and some quotations from it have appeared in the press, but no translation of this statement by Mussolini of the philosophic basis of Fascism has yet been published in English.*—EDITORS, '*Political Quarterly*.']

WHEN, in the now distant March of 1919, I summoned a meeting at Milan through the columns of the *Popolo d'Italia* of the surviving members of the Interventionist Party, who had themselves been in action, and who had followed me since the creation of the Fascist Revolutionary Party (which took place in the January of 1915), I had no specific doctrinal attitude in my mind. I had a living experience of one doctrine only—that of Socialism, from 1903–4 to the winter of 1914, that is to say, about a decade. But, even though I had taken part in the movement first as a member of the rank and file and then later as a leader, I had no experience of the Socialist doctrine in practice. My own doctrine, even in this period, had always been a doctrine of action.

A unanimous, universally accepted theory of Socialism did not exist after 1905, when the revisionist movement began in Germany under the leadership of Bernstein, while under pressure of the tendencies of the time a left revolutionary movement also appeared, which, though never getting further than talk in Italy, in Russian Socialistic circles laid the foundations of Bolshevism. Reformation, revolution, centralization—already the echoes of these terms are spent; while in the great stream of Fascism are to be found ideas that began with Sorel, with Peguy, with Lagerdelle in the *Mouvement Socialiste*, and with the

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Italian trade-union movement, which throughout the period, 1904–14, was sounding a new note in Italian Socialist circles (already weakened by the betrayal of Giolitti) through Olivetti's *Pagine Libere*, Orano's *La Lupa*, and Enrico Leone's *Divenire Sociale*.

After the War, in 1919, Socialism was already dead as a doctrine; it existed only as a hatred. There remained to it only one possibility of action, especially in Italy—reprisals against those who had desired the War and who must now be made to 'expiate' its results. The *Popolo d'Italia* was then given the subtitle, 'The Newspaper of Ex-Service Men and Producers,' and the word 'producers' was already the expression of a mental attitude. Fascism was not the nursling of a doctrine worked out beforehand with detailed elaboration; it was born of the need for action and was from the beginning practical rather than theoretical; it was not merely another political party but, even in the first two years, stood in opposition to all political parties as such and was itself a living movement.

The name that I then gave to the organization fixed its character. And yet, if one were to reread, in the now dusty columns of that date, the report of the meeting in which the *Fasci Italiani di combattimento* were constituted, one would find there no ordered expression of doctrine, but a series of aphorisms, anticipations, and aspirations which, when refined by time from the original ore, were destined after some years to develop into an ordered series of doctrinal concepts, forming the Fascist political doctrine—different from all others either of the past or the present day.

'If the bourgeoisie,' I said then, 'think that they will find lightning conductors in us, they are the more deceived; we must start work at once. . . . We want to accustom the working class to real and effectual leadership, and also to convince them that it is no easy thing to direct an industry or a commercial enterprise successfully. . . . We shall combat every retrograde idea, technical or spiritual. . . . When the succession to the seat of government is open, we must not be unwilling to fight for it. We must make haste; when the present régime breaks down, we must be ready at once to take its place. It is we who have the right to the succession, because it was we who forced the country into the War, and led her to victory. The present method of political representation cannot suffice; we must have a representation direct from the individuals concerned. It may be objected against this programme that it is a return to the conception of the corporation, but that is no matter. . . . Therefore, I desire that this assembly shall accept the revindication of national trade-unionism from the economic point of view.'

Now is it not a singular thing that even on this first day in the Piazza San Sepolcro that word 'corporation' arose, which later, in the course of the Revolution, came to express one of the creations of social legislation at the very foundation of the régime?

II

The years that preceded the March to Rome were years of great difficulty, during which the necessity for action did not permit of research or any complete elaboration of doctrine. The battle had to be fought in the towns

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and villages. There was much discussion, but—what was more important and more sacred—men died. They knew how to die. Doctrine, beautifully defined and carefully elucidated, with headlines and paragraphs, might be lacking; but here was, to take its place, something more decisive—faith.

Even so, anyone who can recall the events of the time through the aid of books, articles, votes of congresses, and speeches of great and minor importance; anyone who knows how to research and weigh evidence, will find that the fundamentals of doctrine were cast during the years of conflict. It was precisely in those years that Fascist thought armed itself, was refined, and began the great task of organization. The problem of the relation between the individual citizen and the state; the allied problems of authority and liberty; political and social problems as well as those specifically national—a solution was being sought for all these while at the same time the struggle against Liberalism, Democracy, Socialism and the Masonic bodies was being carried on, contemporaneously with the 'punitive expedition.'

But, since there was inevitably some lack of system, the adversaries of Fascism have disingenuously denied that it had any capacity to produce a doctrine of its own, though that doctrine was growing and taking shape under their very eyes, even though tumultuously, first, as happens to all ideas in their beginnings, in the aspect of a violent and dogmatic negation, and then in the aspect of positive construction that found its realization in the laws and institutions of the régime as enacted successively in the years 1926, 1927, and 1928.

Fascism is now a completely individual thing, not only as a régime but as a doctrine. And this means that to-day Fascism, exercising its critical sense upon itself and upon others, has formed its own distinct and peculiar point of view, to which it can refer and upon which, therefore, it can act in the face of all problems, practical or intellectual, which confront the world.

And above all Fascism, the more it considers and observes the future and the development of humanity quite apart from political considerations of the moment, believes in neither the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace. It thus repudiates the doctrine of pacifism—born of a renunciation of the struggle and an act of cowardice in the face of sacrifice. War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it. All other trials are substitutes that never really put men into the position where they have to make the great decision—the alternative of life or death. Thus a doctrine that is founded upon this harmful postulate of peace is hostile to Fascism. And thus hostile to the spirit of Fascism, though accepted for what use they can be in dealing with particular political situations, are all the international leagues and societies, which, as history will show, can be scattered to the winds when once strong national feeling is aroused by any motive —sentimental, ideal, or practical.

This anti-pacifist spirit is carried by Fascism even into the life of the individual; the proud motto of the

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Squadrista, 'Me ne frego,' written on the bandage of a wound, is not only an act of stoic philosophy, not only the summary of a political doctrine; it is the education to combat, the acceptation of the risks that combat implies, and a new way of life for Italy. Thus the Fascist accepts life and loves it, knowing nothing of and despising suicide; rather does he conceive of life as duty and struggle and conquest, life that should be high and full, lived for one's self, but above all for others—those who are at hand, and those who are far distant; contemporaries, and those who will come after.

This 'demographic' policy of the régime is the result of the above premise. Thus the Fascist loves in actual fact his neighbor, but this 'neighbor' is not merely a vague and undefined concept, this love for one's neighbor puts no obstacle in the way of necessary educational severity, and still less to differentiation of status and to physical distance. Fascism repudiates any universal embrace, and in order to live worthily in the community of civilized peoples watches its contemporaries with vigilant eyes, takes good note of their state of mind and, in the changing trend of their interests, does not allow itself to be deceived by temporary and fallacious appearances.

III

Such a conception of life makes Fascism the complete opposite of that doctrine, the base of so-called scientific and Marxian Socialism, the materialist conception of history, according to which the history of human civilization can be explained simply through the conflict of interests among the various social groups and by the change and development in the means and instruments of production. That the changes in the economic field—new discoveries of raw materials, new methods of working them, and the inventions of science—have their importance no one can deny; but that these factors are sufficient to explain the history of humanity excluding all others is an absurd delusion. Fascism, now and always, believes in holiness and in heroism; that is to say, in actions influenced by no economic motive, direct or indirect.

And if the economic conception of history be denied, according to which theory men are no more than puppets, carried to and fro by the waves of chance while the real directing forces are quite out of their control, it follows that the existence of an unchangeable and unchanging class war is also denied—the natural progeny of the economic conception of history. And above all Fascism denies that class war can be the preponderant force in the transformation of society.

These two fundamental concepts of Socialism being thus refuted, nothing is left of it but the sentimental aspiration—as old as humanity itself—toward a social convention in which the sorrows and sufferings of the humblest shall be alleviated. But here again Fascism repudiates the conception of 'economic' happiness, to be realized by Socialism and, as it were, at a given moment in economic evolution to assure to everyone the maximum of well-being. Fascism denies the materialist conception of happiness as a possibility, and abandons it to its inventors, the economists of the first half of the nineteenth century; that is to say, Fascism denies the

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validity of the equation, well-being equals happiness, which would reduce men to the level of animals, caring for one thing only—to be fat and well fed—and would thus degrade humanity to a purely physical existence.

IV

After Socialism, Fascism combats the whole complex system of democratic ideology, and repudiates it, whether in its theoretical premises or in its practical application. Fascism denies that the majority, by the simple fact that it is a majority, can direct human society; it denies that numbers alone can govern by means of a periodical consultation, and it affirms the immutable, beneficial, and fruitful inequality of mankind, which can never be permanently leveled through the mere operation of a mechanical process such as universal suffrage. The democratic régime may be defined as from time to time giving the people the illusion of sovereignty, while the real, effective sovereignty lies in the hands of other, concealed and irresponsible forces. Democracy is a régime nominally without a king, but it is ruled by many kings, more absolute, tyrannical, and ruinous than one sole king, even though a tyrant.

This explains why Fascism, having first in 1922 (for reasons of expediency) assumed an attitude tending toward republicanism, renounced this point of view before the March to Rome, being convinced that the question of political form is not to-day of prime importance; and, after having studied the examples of monarchies and republics past and present, reached the conclusion that monarchism and republicanism are not to be judged, as it were, by an absolute standard, but that they represent forms in which the evolution—political, historical, traditional, or psychological—of a particular country has expressed itself. Fascism supersedes the antithesis, monarchism or republicanism, while democracy still tarries beneath the domination of this idea, forever pointing out the insufficiency of the first and forever praising the second as the perfect régime. To-day, it can be seen that there are republics innately reactionary and absolutist, and also monarchies that incorporate the most ardent social and political hopes of the future.

'Reason and science,' says Renan (one of the inspired pre-Fascists) in his philosophical meditations, 'are products of humanity, but to expect reason as a direct product of the people and a direct result of their action is to deceive one's self by a chimera. It is not necessary for the existence of reason that everybody should understand it. And, in any case, if such a decimation of truth were necessary, it could not be achieved in a low-class democracy, which seems as though it must of its very nature extinguish any kind of noble training. The principle that society exists solely through the well-being and the personal liberty of all the individuals of which it is composed does not appear to be conformable to the plans of nature, in whose workings the race alone seems to be taken into consideration, and the individual sacrificed to it. It is greatly to be feared that the last stage of such a conception of democracy (though I must hasten to point out that the term "democracy" may be interpreted in various ways) would end in a condition of society in which

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a degenerate herd would have no other preoccupation but the satisfaction of the lowest desires of common men.'

Thus Renan. Fascism denies, in democracy, the absurd conventional untruth of political equality dressed out in the garb of collective irresponsibility, and the myth of 'happiness' and indefinite progress. But, if democracy may be conceived in diverse forms,—that is to say, taking democracy to mean a state of society in which the populace are not reduced to impotence in the state,—Fascism may write itself down as 'an organized, centralized, and authoritative democracy.'

V

Fascism has taken up an attitude of complete opposition to the doctrines of Liberalism, both in the political field and in the field of economics. There should be no undue exaggeration (simply with the object of immediate success in controversy) of the importance of Liberalism in the last century, nor should what was but one among many theories that appeared in that period be put forward as a religion for humanity for all time, present and to come. Liberalism flourished only for half a century. It was born in 1830 in reaction against the Holy Alliance, which had been formed with the object of diverting the destinies of Europe back to the period before 1789, and the highest point of its success was the year 1848, when even Pius IX was a Liberal.

Immediately after that date it began to decay, for if the year 1848 was a year of light and hope, the following year, 1849, was a year of darkness and tragedy. The Republic of Rome was dealt a mortal blow by a sister republic —that of France—and in the same year Marx launched the gospel of the Socialist religion, the famous *Communist Manifesto*. In 1851 Napoleon III carried out his far from liberal *coup d'état* and reigned in France until 1870, when he was deposed by a popular movement as the consequence of a military defeat that must be counted as one of the most decisive in history. The victor was Bismarck, who knew nothing of the religion of liberty, or the prophets by which that faith was revealed.

And it is symptomatic that such a highly civilized people as the Germans were completely ignorant of the religion of liberty during the whole of the nineteenth century. It was nothing but a parenthesis, represented by that body which has been called 'the ridiculous Parliament of Frankfurt,' which lasted only for a short period. Germany attained her national unity quite outside the doctrine of Liberalism,—a doctrine that seems entirely foreign to the German mind, a mind essentially monarchic,—while Liberalism is the logical and, indeed, historical forerunner of anarchy. The stages in the achievement of German unity are the three wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870, which were guided by such 'Liberals' as Von Moltke and Bismarck.

As for Italian unity, its debt to Liberalism is completely inferior in contrast to that which it owes to the work of Mazzini and Garibaldi, who were not Liberals. Had it not been for the intervention of the anti-Liberal Napoleon, we should not have gained Lombardy; and without the help of the again anti-Liberal Bismarck at Sadowa and Sedan it is very probable

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that we should never have gained the province of Venice in 1866, or been able to enter Rome in 1870. From 1870 to 1914 a period began during which even the very high priests of the religion themselves had to recognize the gathering twilight of their faith—defeated as it was by the decadence of literature and atavism in practice—that is to say, nationalism, futurism, Fascism.

The era of Liberalism, after having accumulated an infinity of Gordian knots, tried to untie them in the slaughter of the World War—and never has any religion demanded of its votaries such a monstrous sacrifice. Perhaps the Liberal gods were athirst for blood? But now, to-day, the Liberal faith must shut the doors of its deserted temples, deserted because the peoples of the world realize that its worship—agnostic in the field of economics and indifferent in the field of politics and morals—will lead, as it has already led, to certain ruin. In addition to this, let it be pointed out that all the political hopes of the present day are anti-Liberal, and it is therefore supremely ridiculous to try to classify this sole creed as outside the judgment of history, as though history were a hunting ground reserved for the professors of Liberalism alone—as though Liberalism were the final, unalterable verdict of civilization.

VI

But the Fascist negation of Socialism, Democracy and Liberalism must not be taken to mean that Fascism desires to lead the world back to the state of affairs before 1789, the date which seems to be indicated as the opening years of the succeeding semi-Liberal century. We do not desire to turn back; Fascism has not chosen De Maistre for its high priest. Absolute monarchy has been and can never return, any more than blind acceptance of ecclesiastical authority.

So too the privileges of the feudal system 'have been,' and the division of society into castes impenetrable from outside, and with no intercommunication among themselves; the Fascist conception of authority has nothing to do with such a polity. A party that entirely governs a nation is a fact entirely new to history; there are no possible references or parallels. Fascism uses in its construction whatever elements in the Liberal, Socialist, or Democratic doctrines still have a living value; it maintains what may be called the certainties that we owe to history, but it rejects all the rest—that is to say, the conception that there can be any doctrine of unquestioned efficacy for all times and all peoples.

Granted that the nineteenth century was the century of Socialism, of Liberalism, and of Democracy, it does not necessarily follow that the twentieth century must also be a century of Socialism, Liberalism, and Democracy. Political doctrines pass, but humanity remains, and it may rather be expected that this will be a century of authority, a century of the left, a century of Fascism; for if the nineteenth century was a century of individualism (Liberalism always signifying individualism) it may be expected that this will be the century of collectivism, and hence the century of the state. It is a perfectly logical deduction that a new doctrine can utilize all the still vital elements of previous doctrines.

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The foundation of Fascism is the conception of the state, its character, its duty, and its aim. Fascism conceives of the state as an absolute, in comparison with which all individuals or groups are relative, only to be conceived of in their relation to the state. The conception of the Liberal state is not that of a directing force, guiding the play and development, both material and spiritual, of a collective body, but merely that of a force limited to the function of recording results. On the other hand, the Fascist state is itself conscious, and has itself a will and a personality. Thus it may be called the 'ethic' state. In 1929, at the first five-yearly assembly of the Fascist régime, I said:—

'For us Fascists, the state is not merely a guardian, preoccupied solely with the duty of assuring the personal safety of the citizens; nor is it an organization with purely material aims, such as to guarantee a certain level of well-being and peaceful conditions of life; for a mere council of administration would be sufficient to realize such objects. Nor is it a purely political creation, divorced from all contact with the complex material reality that makes up the life of the individual and the life of the people as a whole.

'The state, as conceived of and as created by Fascism, is a spiritual and moral fact in itself, since its political, juridical, and economic organization of the nation is a concrete thing: and such an organization must be in its origins and development a manifestation of the spirit. The state is the guarantor of security both internal and external, but it is also the custodian and transmitter of the spirit of the people, as it has grown up through the centuries in language, in customs, and in faith. And the state is not only a living reality of the present; it is also linked with the past and above all with the future, and, thus transcending the brief limits of individual life, it represents the immanent spirit of the nation. The forms in which states express themselves may change, but the necessity for such forms is eternal.

'It is the state that educates its citizens in civic virtue, gives them a consciousness of their mission, and welds them into unity, harmonizing their various interests through justice, and transmitting to future generations the mental conquests of science, of art, of law, and the solidarity of humanity. It leads men from primitive tribal life to that highest expression of human power which is empire; it links up through the centuries the names of those of its members who have died for its existence and in obedience to its laws; it holds up the memory of the leaders who have increased its territory and the geniuses who have illumined it with glory as an example to be followed by future generations. When the conception of the state declines, and disunifying and centrifugal tendencies prevail, whether of individuals or of particular groups, the nations where such phenomena appear are in their decline.'

VII

From 1929 until to-day evolution, both political and economic, has everywhere gone to prove the validity of these doctrinal premises. Of such gigantic importance is the state. It is the force that alone can provide a

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solution to the dramatic contradictions of capitalism, and that state of affairs which we call the crisis can be dealt with only by the state, as between other states.

Where is the shade of Jules Simon, who in the dawn of Liberalism proclaimed that 'the state must labor to make itself unnecessary, and prepare the way for its own dismissal'? Or of McCulloch, who, in the second half of the last century, affirmed that the state must guard against the danger of governing too much? What would the Englishman, Bentham, say to-day to the continual and inevitably invoked intervention of the state in the sphere of economics, while according to his theories industry should ask no more of the state than to be left in peace? Or the German, Humboldt, according to whom the 'lazy' state should be considered the best? It is true that the second wave of Liberal economists were less extreme than the first, and Adam Smith himself opened the door —if only very cautiously—which leads to state intervention in the economic field, but whoever says 'Liberalism' implies individualism, and whoever says 'Fascism' implies the state.

Yet the Fascist state is unique, and an original creation. It is not reactionary, but revolutionary, in that it anticipates the solution of the universal political problems that elsewhere have to be settled in the political field by the rivalry of parties, the excessive power of the parliamentary régime, and the irresponsibility of political assemblies; while it meets the problems of the economic field by a system of syndicalism that is continually increasing in importance, as much in the sphere of labor as of industry; and in the moral field enforces order, discipline, and obedience to that which is the determined moral code of the country. Fascism desires the state to be a strong and organic body, at the same time reposing upon broad and popular support. The Fascist state has drawn into itself even the economic activities of the nation, and, through the corporative social and educational institutions created by it, its influence reaches every aspect of the national life and includes, framed in their respective organizations, all the political, economic, and spiritual forces of the nation.

A state that reposes upon the support of millions of individuals who recognize its authority, are continually conscious of its power, and are ready at once to serve it is not the old tyrannical state of mediæval lords nor has it anything in common with the absolute governments either before or after 1789. The individual in the Fascist state is not annulled but rather multiplied, just in the same way that a soldier in a regiment is not diminished but rather increased by the number of his comrades. The Fascist state organizes the nation, but leaves a sufficient margin of liberty to the individual; the latter is deprived of all useless and possibly harmful freedom, but retains what is essential; the deciding power in this question cannot be the individual, but the state alone.

VIII

The Fascist state is not indifferent to the fact of religion in general, or to that particular and positive faith which is Italian Catholicism. The

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state professes no theology, but a morality, and in the Fascist state religion is considered as one of the deepest manifestations of the spirit of man; thus it is not only respected but defended and protected. The Fascist state has never tried to create its own God, as at one moment Robespierre and the wildest extremists of the Convention tried to do; nor does it vainly seek to obliterate religion from the hearts of men as does Bolshevism. Fascism respects the God of the ascetics, the saints, and the heroes, and equally God as he is perceived and worshiped by simple people.

The Fascist state is an embodied will to power and government; the Roman tradition is here an ideal of force in action. According to Fascism, government is a thing to be expressed not so much in territorial or military terms as in terms of morality and the spirit. It must be thought of as an empire—that is to say a nation that directly or indirectly rules other nations, without the need for conquering a single square yard of territory. For Fascism the growth of empire, that is to say the expansion of the nation, is an essential manifestation of vitality, and its opposite a sign of decadence. Peoples that are rising, or rising again after a period of decadence, are always imperialist; any renunciation is a sign of decay and of death. Fascism is the doctrine best adapted to represent the tendencies and the aspirations of a people, like the people of Italy, who are rising again after many centuries of abasement and foreign servitude.

But empire demands discipline, the coördination of all forces, and a deeply felt sense of duty and sacrifice. This fact explains many aspects of the practical working of the régime, the character of many forces in the state, and the necessarily severe measures that must be taken against those who would oppose this spontaneous and inevitable movement of Italy in the twentieth century, and would oppose it by recalling the outworn ideology of the nineteenth century—repudiated wheresoever there has been the courage to undertake great experiments of social and political transformation; for never before has the nation stood more in need of authority, of direction, and of order. If every age has its own characteristic doctrine, there are a thousand signs that point to Fascism as the characteristic doctrine of our time. For—if a doctrine must be a living thing—this is proved by the fact that Fascism has created a living faith; and that this faith is very powerful in the minds of men is demonstrated by those who have suffered and died for it.

Fascism has henceforth in the world the universality of all those doctrines which, in realizing themselves, have represented a stage in the history of the human spirit.

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With the dollar devaluated we need only stabilization for recovery to set in, but recovery itself can be stabilized only by the taxation of the machine.

The PRICE *of* Recovery

By CHARLES N. EDGE

AT LAST in 1933 the United States stands willing and ready to pay a great price for its evolution into a mechanized social state. The watchword is 'Recovery,' but permanent recovery demands not only that all blunders be recognized and paid for, but that they be remedied, even if the remedy requires something more valuable than dollars.

Here are two of the greatest blunders to be paid for, and remedied, though perhaps it would be more accurate to speak of two evolutions for which new coördinations must be made:—

1. The unrestricted, rapid, and untaxed adoption of the farm tractor, resulting first in the unemployment of 8,000,000 horses and then in their disappearance, from American farms, followed by the migration of 5,000,000 people from the farms to the cities.

2. The unrestricted, rapid, and untaxed adoption of mass production and machinery, resulting first in a continuous decline in the useful value of man, compared to that of the machine, followed by the permanent base unemployment of probably 6,000,000 workers, and the necessity for their adequate maintenance by the employed remainder.

These two great evolutions are dreadfully alike. Their causes, courses, results, and practical remedies are so similar and interwoven that no calculation of the benefits and errors of any National Industrial Recovery Act can be made without a comparative study of both problems.

Only by such examination does it become easy to see, not only how great and necessary the aims and purposes of an Agricultural Adjustment Act and a National Industrial Recovery Act are, but what is definitely lacking in the present acts to make their success stable and permanent.

Between 1900 and 1920, the automobile destroyed the horse's useful

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value for pleasure transport, and as a result the horse virtually disappeared from the cities. But the 20,000,000 horses used for farm work in 1900 did not begin to decrease until 1920, because they still retained their useful value. The coming of the tractor, which directly competed with the horse on the farm, destroyed this value. In the twelve succeeding years, the number of horses in the United States declined 40 per cent. This loss of 8,000,000 horses, which consumed as many pounds of food products as 40,000,000 people, undoubtedly was, and still is, one of the underlying causes of disaster to the American farm.

II

If to-day there is need of a National Industrial Recovery Act, surely there was, and still is, a prior need of a National Horse Recovery Act. For the total food requirements of men and animals (horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and swine) in the United States in 1933, with a present population of 123,000,000, are only about equal in volume to the total food requirements of the United States in 1900, when the population was 76,000,000! In 1950, assuming the same rate of change in mechanization, the probable food requirements of an estimated population of 140,000,000 will be no greater than the present food requirements, or than those of 1900. Let us then suppose that in 1923 we had begun to regard the unemployment and gradual disappearance of the horse as an impending national calamity. With perfectly quiet, unbiased minds, let us try to draft a National Horse Recovery Act as of 1923, written solely to increase the welfare and support the relative value of the horse.

If such an act in 1923 had proposed that the remaining, ever decreasing work suitable for the farm horse should be spread equally among all horses then living, that their maximum hours of labor in any week should be shortened, and that their minimum rental price per hour should be raised, the project might have appeared sentimentally and socially admirable, and even temporarily advisable, but it would have been doomed to certain failure. For such a plan would have immediately increased the difficulties of using horses by further reducing the useful value of the horse compared to the tractor, or truck, and would have driven every farmer to use only tractors and trucks, and made him urgently desire never to use a horse again. Such a 'Recovery Act' would have been the correct method to compel the complete mechanization of farming and the obliteration of the horse.

It would seem that, if the country had considered the existence of the horse to be paramount, then the horse's right, not to life and leisure, but to the creation of useful value would have been protected. The National Horse Recovery Act would have put sentiment aside and tried to raise the useful value of the horse compared to the tractor, instead of lowering it. This could have been done quite simply, to any desired extent, by shortening the working hours of the tractor, or by raising its rental price through taxation up to the point at which it would have been cheaper to use a horse.

We now have 2,000,000 tractors and trucks fully employed, and prob-

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ably 6,000,000 (one-fifth) of the farming community for whom there is no economic need, except as consumers. One farm in every five might conceivably be allowed to revert to forest, but most unfortunately the yield per acre of farm land in the United States is so low that intensive farming on four-fifths of the present cultivated farm area would probably produce larger, not smaller, total crops. Even if one-third of all farms reverted to forest, greater total crops could still be raised on the remainder, so that any plan for the reduction of planted acreage, say 15 per cent by 1934, must prove very disappointing to the advocates of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, and perhaps disastrous if the entire receipts of the process taxes are to be used for intensive farming of the reduced acreage. Unless there is a great increase in the total demand for farm products, the farmer's very existence can be assured only by immense and increasing government grants. Is this not the unforeseen result of wonderful, but uncontrolled mechanical efficiency?

Now mechanical efficiency that results in uncoördinated demand and production is not economic efficiency; it is economic retrogression, amounting to absurdity. Mechanical production of farm goods with the minimum human or animal labor will necessitate not merely the reduction of the area planted; it will also mean the actual destruction of an increasing proportion of farm products. And the money paid to compensate for that destruction will always be spent on cultivating the remaining land more intensively and efficiently. Finally, mechanized farming and increasing farm efficiency (for example, more milk per cow and per pound of feed) both tend to increase production but measurably and progressively to diminish the total consumption of food products.

III

If we had fully foreseen ten years ago that exports of United States grain would virtually cease, that 8,000,000 equine consumers would vanish, and that, as a result of the release of labor, the factor of farming efficiency would rise, causing the number of cattle, sheep, and swine to decrease, surely a tax upon the tractor, at least sufficient to preserve the useful value and life of the farmer's best consumer, the horse, would have been imposed. Would it not have been wiser to increase the demand for farm products by a tax on tractors and trucks, rather than to decrease the demand for these products by a process tax? A process tax on wheat, cotton, and tobacco directly reduces consumption. If such a tax must be levied, would it not be much fairer to the American farmer, and no more burdensome to the people, to permit the demand for his products to remain unchanged and levy a process tax, or its equivalent, on coffee, rubber, and silk, the products of foreign agriculture?

Had we foreseen in 1923 that the coming of the tractor meant the ruin of the farmer, a National Horse Recovery Act might have decreed that the receipts from a $100 annual tax on tractors and trucks, and a $300 annual tax on combines, should be paid *pro rata* to the owners of farm horses and mules. Every farmer would

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then have urgently desired to use the horse and mule again. Recognizing the need for increasing the consumption of farm products, the Act might further have required that all automobiles, tractors, and trucks should themselves become consumers of farm products by using fuel with a vegetable (alcohol) content of at least 10 per cent. Automobiles would then consume the products of 30,000,000 acres of farm land, and such a Recovery Act, passed not in 1923, but to-day, would yield the most astonishing results.

Immediately the potential demand for and supply of American farm products would balance, and within one year the demand would exceed present production. By varying these imposts and requirements, the demand for and supply of American farm products can be permanently balanced, without process taxes, without farm unemployment, without grants, without destruction of crops, without decrease of total acreage, without exports! In two years the value of American farm land, which has declined for twelve years consecutively, because of the unbalanced demand for and supply of farm products, should return to, and exceed, the 1923 figure. It was this decline in the value of land which made the relation of debtor to creditor untenable, and which necessitated the depreciation of the dollar. Only by increasing the consumption of farm products to the point at which consumption and production balance can this trend of events be halted and reversed.

The blunders of uncontrolled and untaxed mechanization of farming have cost a price which cannot be paid in dollars, by issuance of government debt, but which must be paid in work, by upholding and using the value of man and animal.

IV

The coördination of farming, by balancing the demand for and supply of farm products, would seem to be the first step, not only toward farm recovery, but also toward the permanent recovery of industry. However, it is only the first step.

Man's reinstatement in industry and the control of his employment are as important as the support of the horse, and far more difficult to achieve. If the horse loses its useful value and becomes unemployed, it quietly disappears as the machine takes its place. We need not support both. Even if the disappearance of the horse causes economic upheavals, the stability of the social state is not directly affected. But if man loses part of his useful value compared to the machine, and if consequently a large proportion of all workers become unemployed, those workers do not disappear, but must be supported and maintained at approximately the same standard as before. Hence the stability of the social state has been impaired, because those workers who have lost their prime right of creating value, that is of employment, will sooner or later attempt to regain that right.

To assure stability and justice, it is to the paramount interest of the state that all its men should always be employed, and that the relative use of the machine should vary. It is to the interest of the individual employer always to use his machine to its maximum efficiency, by varying the

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employment of man, and by always reducing the employment of man per unit of output. Now here is the difficulty. At a certain point of mechanical development, when the increased efficiency of the machine does not, or cannot, correspondingly increase the consumption of industrial products, the aims of the state, and of the individual employer, are opposed. Either unemployment must continue to increase indefinitely, or the machine cannot be operated at its maximum apparent efficiency.

The importance of the effect that increased mechanical efficiency has had upon industrial employment is revealed by the fact that in 1933 two men with the machinery now existing can produce a volume of goods equal to that produced in 1920 by three men with the machinery then existing. This requires a permanent increase of 50 per cent in the consumption of manufactured goods to give the same employment in industry.

Whatever the proportion of unemployment, whether it be 2 per cent or 50 per cent of the population, whether the period be one of prosperity or panic, all men can always be employed if the machine is taxed, that is if machine efficiency is reduced to the point at which man can again exercise his prior right to work. There must always be a point at which the state can control the relative use of the machine, a point at which the demand for man's work balances the supply. If the consumption of industrial products were constant, and could not be increased, this change in the relative employment of man to the machine would be the state's only defense against mechanical efficiency and unemployment.

But the consumption of industrial products is not constant, for it is controlled by a most important variable. Industrial activity, that is, the creation of wealth, depends upon, and varies almost in proportion with, the creation of new debt. The number of new houses built is proportional to the issue of new mortgages; the number of new power stations is proportional to the new debt issues of public utilities; the number of new roads is proportional to the new debt issues of states; the number of new schools is proportional to the new debt issues of municipalities. The total employment of man in industry is, therefore, a compound problem, dependent partly upon his employment relative to that of the machine, and partly upon industrial activity, which in turn depends upon the ability and desire of the country to create new debt.

V

To obtain complete, useful employment of all workers a National Industrial Recovery Act should have two aims:—

1. Continuously to raise, and not lower, the ratio of the employment of man to the employment of the machine;

2. To help, succor, and support the issue of private, rather than government debt, and thereby encourage the creation of wealth rather than supply funds for relief.

Dividing available work, shortening the working hours of man, decreasing his output, and raising his minimum rental price all lower man's value relative to the machine, and must increase the use of machines and reduce the amount of work

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available for men to do in competition with them.

If the working hours of man are shortened and his wages raised, then, to prevent further transference of work from man to the machine, an equal or greater handicap must immediately be placed upon the useful value of the machine; otherwise, the ratio of the employment of man to the employment of the machine will fall continuously and at accelerating speed, and the base unemployment of the country, at least in production and industry, will steadily rise. The Industrial Recovery Act need not fail in its social aims, indeed it can attain them to any extent desired by placing a direct tax upon all machines in industry (say 10 per cent annually on their capital value) and distributing the proceeds of this tax, not directly to labor, but to the employers of labor proportionately to their pay rolls.

Let the state regard the ratio of pay rolls to the value of machinery in use as its chief weapon against unemployment. Let it apply the law of the survival of the fittest to the machine, rather than to man, until all men are employed. Let no machine be employed that cannot directly carry its share of taxation.

The rate of creation of new debt, that is the rate of creation of new wealth, should be the second care and concern of the National Industrial Recovery Act. In 1929 the total wealth of the United States was nominally $350,000,000,000. By 1932 the devaluation of goods had reduced this wealth to approximately $220,000,000,000, while the internal debt remained at $200,000,000,000. The internal debt of the United States in 1932 thus amounted to about 90 per cent of its wealth. It became impossible to issue further debt for the creation of new goods and wealth. By leaving the gold standard and reducing the value of the dollar to 65 cents in gold, we have revalued all wealth in a lower unit, and the ratio of debt to wealth has been reduced, so that the creation of new debt is again possible. But during this period of depreciation of debts and currency the lenders have lost confidence, and issues of private debt remain impossible. As soon as stabilization occurs, no matter at what point, so long as people believe in it, the situation is at once reversed. Lenders are again asked to assume only normal risks, and the immediate benefits from the great price paid for devaluation can be realized.

Let it be perfectly clear that a depreciated dollar does not result in any benefit to the country as a whole through the rise in prices and the rise in wages, which nullify one another, but that this method is adopted because currency depreciation is the only known means of reducing the ratio of existing debts to wealth. Only such depreciation can make the issue of new debt possible, and enable the creation of new wealth to begin.

The dollar has now depreciated to a point at which this is possible. If it be deemed safer to stabilize the dollar at a point lower than 65 cents gold, let that be done as quickly as possible, and let definite stabilization be announced at that point. For at that point, and on that announcement, there can begin a period of creation of wealth and sustained industrial activity equal to any that the United States has ever enjoyed.

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The editor's monthly article surveys the technical and economic causes and the political and social results of the world-wide agricultural revolution.

The Revolution *in* Agriculture

By THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE

THANKS to the Industrial Revolution, the world's population increased from 850,000,000 in 1800 to over two billions in 1932. But the Industrial Revolution did more than create larger markets for its own products; it also created larger markets for the products of farms. Furthermore, the major part of this increase occurred before the efficiency of agriculture had been stepped up by the same substitution of mechanical for human labor that had stepped up the efficiency of industry. The result is that to-day too many farmers and too much farm land are producing too much food for a world population that is no longer increasing at the old rate. For population is tending to become static at precisely the time when an agricultural revolution as profound as the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century is still under way. Because 70 per cent of the world's population still makes its living from the soil, this revolution, even more than the revolution in industry, underlies the present depression.

Even if the population of the world had remained static during the nineteenth century an increasing market for the products of industry might have been found, since the demand for industrial goods is almost infinitely elastic. As Sir Arthur Salter pointed out a few years ago, we cannot complain of overproduction until the last Hottentot is riding in his own Rolls-Royce. But that last Hottentot cannot consume more than a fixed quantity of food. Thus, even if the world's population were still increasing as rapidly as it was a century ago, the farmer who uses modern machinery and modern scientific methods would have a larger surplus on his hands than the farmer of a century ago whose old-fashioned methods were nevertheless able to meet the growing demand for food.

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'A farmer now provides,' says the Introduction to *Recent Social Trends*, 'food for himself and three members of his family, for twelve Americans not living on farms, and for two foreigners—a total of eighteen persons.' And the American farms are not the most efficient in the world.

II

Actual conditions in many countries reveal the extent to which the agricultural revolution underlies the present world crisis. In May 1932 Brüning was dismissed as Chancellor of Germany because he suggested dividing the estates of the big Prussian landowners among independent producers. The *Osthilfe*, a government subsidy of half a billion marks a year, had not been able to save the large estates from bankruptcy, and the smaller peasants were flocking to the support of Hitler. But the productivity of German agriculture was increasing. To-day Germany is self-supporting in respect to meat, wheat, and fodder and is approaching self-sufficiency in respect to dairy products and vegetables. The value of German agricultural products is estimated to have increased more than 20 per cent since 1924, and the proportion of the population engaged in farming and fishing rose from 23.6 per cent in 1925 to 30.5 per cent in 1932. Walter Darré, who replaced the industrialist, Hugenberg, as Minister of Agriculture in Hitler's Cabinet, has written a book entitled *Blood and Soil* in which he glorifies agricultural East Prussia as 'the reservoir of German blood.' On October 1, in accordance with Darré's ideas, Hitler promulgated an 'hereditary homestead law' that creates a new 'peasant aristocracy' of farmers with estates of not more than 300 acres. The Government also plans to add a million and a half persons to the population of East Prussia and reorganize it into a self-contained area with rationalized agriculture and industry. In other words, it is gradually adopting the same policies that led to Brüning's downfall.

While Germany has been working toward self-sufficiency via rationalization, French agriculture has been suffering from the results of rationalization in other countries. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* explains what has happened as follows:—

'The first signs of real trouble appeared in 1930, when the continued fall in the prices of raw materials began to break through the defenses of French agriculture. The government of the day showed little hesitation in attempting to repair the breach. Faced with the alternative of helping the manufacturer by letting food-stuff prices decline or of protecting the farmer, MM. Tardieu and Laval raised duties to a fantastic level and later made a vigorous use of quotas. In this way they managed to keep the farmers quiet, if not contented, until July 1932. Then, in the space of a few days, the price of wheat on the home market fell from 170 francs a quintal (3.67 bushels) to 95 francs before steadying around 110 francs. According to the claims of the farmers, any price below 125 francs represents a loss, while in the less suitable lands of the south the cost of production may run as high as 130 francs.'

To save the farmers, the last session of the Chamber of Deputies

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passed a law fixing the price of wheat at 115 francs a quintal, and this price is being raised one and a half francs every month beginning September 1. The law operates for only a year and a subsidy of 400,000,000 francs has been arranged, most of which will be paid for by new taxes and revenues. There is no novelty in the fact that France, a predominantly agricultural country, cares for its peasants. The novelty is the agricultural revolution, which makes a bumper harvest calamitous.

III

Like both France and Germany, England protects domestic wheat-growers against foreign competition, but the aim of England is to revive agriculture, not merely to protect it. Major Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, is the ablest member of the National Government, and during the past year his efforts have increased the area under crops by 193,000 acres and have enabled 17,600 more persons to find jobs on farms. British agriculture employs more than all the textile industries put together, and the agricultural production of the country is valued at two hundred million pounds a year. Major Elliot's plans do not include extensive mechanization —British farms are not big enough for that—but his Agricultural Marketing Bill lowers distribution costs, and the application of recent scientific methods will lower operating costs and increase the output.

Russia, of course, stands out as the classic example of the recent revolution in agriculture. So much has been written on this subject that I shall merely list a few significant figures here and point out in passing that Russia has gone further than any other country in attempting to create a new way of life to conform with the new means of production. In 1928, when the Five-Year Plan began, 97.3 per cent of the farm land in the Soviet Union was cultivated by individual peasants whose holdings averaged 11 acres each. By 1932, 61.5 per cent of all the peasant holdings had been transformed into collective farms and about 22 million acres of virgin soil had been put under cultivation. On October 1, 1928, there were 26,733 tractors in use on the farms of Russia; by January 1, 1933, this figure had mounted to 148,840. If the collective-farm experiment succeeds it will probably be the most revolutionary contribution that Russia has yet made to human history. But in any case it is certain that without mechanized agriculture the experiment could not even have been attempted.

The World Wheat Conference held in London last August demonstrated what the agricultural revolution has done to the other chief farming nations. From 1925 to 1928 inclusive the world (exclusive of Russia and China) at no time had a supply of more than 500,000,000 bushels of wheat on August 1. Suddenly, in 1929, an additional 300,000,000 bushels appeared and there has been as much or more every year since, the total supply this year having amounted to 960,000,000 bushels on that date. The United States with more than one-third of this amount on its hands, Canada with nearly one-fifth, Australia with 56 million bushels, and the Argentine with 48 million bushels have now agreed to limit acreage and reduce exports. But the promised 15

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per cent reduction in acreage cannot begin to reduce production as rapidly as new technical devices are increasing it.

IV

Now just what are these technical devices that have caused so much trouble? The third chapter of *World Agriculture*, an international survey issued last year under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London, throws some light on this topic. Describing the combine harvester, which first came into use in 1890, this volume says: 'It cuts the heads of wheat, leaving the straw standing, it carries the heads into a threshing drum, threshes, winnows, and bags the grain; it weighs the bags, and they are then removed ready for dispatch to the railway siding. Machines are made to cut a 10- to 15-foot swath, and with their aid two men can complete the harvesting of 50 acres of wheat per day.'

In 1914 the United States manufactured 270 combine harvesters; by 1929 the number had increased to 36,957, of which 89 per cent were exported. In the Argentine 30 per cent of the wheat is now reaped by combines at a saving of 34 per cent; in Canada about 15 per cent of the wheat is reaped in this way at a cost of 8¢ or 9¢ a bushel as against 17½¢ by the old method. Because combines can be efficiently employed only on areas of at least 600 acres, they are used more extensively in Australia and Argentina than in the United States, where 60 per cent of the farm population still lives on farms of less than 100 acres. Nevertheless, large-scale farming is on the increase in America too, 14,000 farmers in Montana having handled more acres and grown more crops in 1930 than 35,000 farmers did in 1917.

The tractor has also produced revolutionary effects, and its use is not confined to vast areas. In 1916 the United States manufactured 30,000 farm tractors, whereas by 1928 we were exporting twice that number and using 853,000 ourselves. One man with a pair of horses can plow between one and three acres a day; one man with a fifty-horse-power tractor can plow twenty acres a day—a figure that the large horse teams of Australia can equal. For the tractor replaces the horse only in cold countries; in Argentina and Australia, where horses can graze in the open all winter, they can still be used efficiently. Other mechanical contrivances have reduced the amount of human labor required in cotton-growing, milking, sheep-shearing, and various minor operations on small farms.

The application of biological and chemical science has also added to the efficiency of farming. Plant-breeders have developed a quickly maturing hybrid wheat that is likely to open up as many as 100,000,000 acres of new wheat fields in Canada alone, and the same grain has also made possible the development of huge state farms in parts of Russia where wheat could never be grown before. In Java a combination of plant-breeding, scientific cultivation, irrigation, and manuring has trebled the yield of cane sugar, and between 1875 and 1910 Germany doubled the yield of beet sugar per ton of beets. The grazing season is being extended by the introduction of suitable fertilizers, and the New Zealanders have cultivated new blends of grass and clover that will

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double and treble the carrying capacity of English pasture lands. Animal-breeding has raised the milk yield on all British farms that keep records from 599 gallons per cow per year in 1919 to 670 gallons in 1925. But the merino sheep of Australia offer the most striking illustration of what can be done with cross-breeding. These animals, descended from a prize imported stock that gave a fleece averaging two pounds eight ounces of wool per annum in 1820, now yield eight or nine pounds a year.

Veterinarians, sanitary engineers, entomologists, and chemists have all made important contributions to agricultural efficiency, the most important single development being the preparation of ammonia from the nitrogen in the air to provide nitrates for fertilizers. And increasingly rapid transport in refrigerated ships and cars has extended the markets for many products.

V

So much for the technical aspects of the agricultural revolution; let us turn again to its consequences. 'It has been estimated,' writes Sir Robert Greig, one of the authors of *World Agriculture*, 'that since 1850 machine-farming developments throughout the world have released approximately 27 million men from agriculture.' We know in the United States that, in 1880, 70 per cent of our population was rural and that 44 per cent of our workers were employed in agriculture, whereas by 1930 the corresponding percentages had dropped to 44 per cent and 21 per cent respectively. Half the population of Australia, which exports only farm products, lives in fifteen cities, and in Canada only 32.8 per cent of the working population is employed in agriculture. Here is an amazing reversal of trend. During the nineteenth century, workers who could not find jobs in the cities of Europe and the eastern United States emigrated to the farms of Australia, South America, Canada, and the Far West. During the twentieth century, on the other hand, the increased efficiency of farming has been sending farmers back to the cities again.

The World War and the Russian Revolution added further complications. Writing in the *New York Times* of Sunday, August 6, on 'Raising the Price of Wheat,' Francis Delaisi summed up in three sentences what has happened since 1913: 'From 1913 to 1928 the United States, Canada, Argentina, and Australia increased their acreage under wheat by 38,225,000 acres, or 45 per cent, an amount equal to half the wheat acreage of Europe in 1928. In fifteen years their annual production increased 75 per cent. In these figures lies the secret of the tragedy of wheat.'

By applying the technical processes already described and without resorting to any great popular migrations or occupational changes, the four chief wheat-producing countries increased their output from an average of 257,000,000 bushels a year for 1910–1913 to 709,000,000 bushels in 1928. Now a market for this wheat could be found only because during and after the War Eastern Europe and Russia ceased exporting wheat to the industrial nations of Western Europe. But in 1929 the Danubian countries suddenly reappeared on the West European market with 44,000,000 bushels at a time when Argentina, Australia, Canada, and the United States were still increasing

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their acreage. The result was, as M. Delaisi says, 'a financial and monetary crash without parallel.'

M. Delaisi accounts for the part that mechanized agriculture played in this crash as follows: 'The American banks, being interested in the manufacture of agricultural machinery, were willing to extend credit to foreign purchasers. Then, since it was necessary to provide farms of dimensions suitable for this equipment, Wall Street undertook to sell to the American public bonds and mortgages issued by banks in foreign countries, near and far. One may say without exaggeration that it was American capital and American machinery that brought about the remarkable development of wheat-growing overseas.'

Indeed, it is M. Delaisi's contention that the wheat problem is essentially a financial one: 'Close observation of the facts shows that the wheat problem—and that of all other food-stuffs and raw materials for that matter—is above all financial. It was the excessive credits accorded to production and stocks that brought about the fall in prices that to-day is paralyzing the economic structure of the world.'

Not only does the mechanization of agriculture underlie the world depression; it also prolonged the World War. For if Argentina, Australia, Canada, and the United States had not been able to increase their production of food-stuffs by means of labor-saving devices, Europe could not have been fed during the four years that hostilities lasted. What further developments may we anticipate?

Louis M. Hacker, coauthor of *The United States since 1865*, has given a disturbing and emphatic answer to this question in a remarkable pamphlet, *The Farmer Is Doomed*, published a few months ago by the John Day Company. Although the farmer referred to in the title is the American farmer, Mr. Hacker's analysis includes many countries and this is the way it goes. Before the Civil War America was primarily an agricultural nation. But the victory of the North also meant the victory of industry, and in order to pay for our industrial expansion we had to borrow extensively abroad. 'We needed, in short, an extraordinary amount of foreign goods and services and the only way we could pay for them was by an heroic expansion of our extensive agriculture. This is the explanation for the throwing open of the West and the production of those great surpluses of food-stuffs that were both the wonder and the despair of Europe.'

Although Canada, Australia, Argentina, and Russia began to offer us vigorous competition during the '80's and '90's, by 1900 increasing immigration had enlarged our domestic market. 'More and more,' writes Mr. Hacker, 'agriculture found itself in that happy position where it was being limited to the domestic market needs, without the consequent disorganizing effects of world prices. The results were therefore the following: a comparative decline in the rural and farming populations; a smaller exportable surplus of cash crops; a comparative rise in the prices of farm products; and an increase in the value of the national farm plant. Between 1900 and 1910, the aggregate value of all farm property doubled; the total value of all cereals raised in the country, between 1899 and 1909, increased 79.8 per cent, while the total yield increased only 1.7 per cent; the value of

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all food exports declined from $545,474,000 in 1900 (39.8 per cent of total) to 369,088,000 in 1910 (19.1 per cent of total).'

Then came mechanization and the consequences that M. Delaisi has described. But whereas the farmers of Canada, Australia, and Argentina did not meet with fatal reverses until 1929, the American farmer went into a steady decline beginning in 1920. The value of the total farm property of the nation dropped from 78 billion dollars in 1919 to 44 billions in 1932, and the total farm income dropped from 15 billions to 5.2 billions. Farm commodity prices had fallen to 52 per cent of the pre-war level, while the prices of the goods the farmer had to buy had risen 10 per cent. For mechanization had lowered the costs of production and therefore reduced prices. Mr. Hacker sums up the American farmer's present position as follows:—

'To-day the farmer's equity in his mortgaged property, on the basis of its 1928 value, has been wiped out and he occupies his land practically at the sufferance of the mortgagee; forced or voluntary sale would leave him nothing but his chattels, if even these. He is, in short, for the first time in American history, a peasant bound to the soil because he can go nowhere else; and he is the helpless victim of high rents (not mortgage charges because the property really is no longer his) and burdensome taxes.'

Now the point to observe is that between 1900 and 1910, before scientific procedures had been applied, the American farmer was getting richer and richer every year by selling to a steadily increasing domestic market. But the labor-saving devices and the new scientific methods introduced during and after the War increased the output per man, and since 1920 the American farmer has been thrown back on a comparatively static domestic market. Mr. Hacker concludes that, because the United States is primarily an industrial nation, the farmer will be sacrificed to industry and that American capitalism is about to adopt the same policy of foreign expansion that British capitalism did when the Corn Laws were repealed in 1844 and grain was admitted duty-free to the British Isles:—

'To keep South America and China open for American capital; to build railroads, wharfs, and power transmission lines; to finance governments so that they may embark on public-construction programmes; to open mines, dig wells, cut down forests; to lend local enterprisers money for the erection of factories, the world—and that includes the United States—must be permitted to buy Manchurian (and eventually Mongolian) wheat and soy beans, Uruguayan and Brazilian jerked beef, Argentinian wheat, corn, mutton, and chilled beef.'

VI

The shrewdness of Mr. Hacker's analysis almost persuades us to accept his conclusion. Unfortunately, however, he does not attach sufficient importance to the recent experience of other countries or to the technical and scientific factors. We have already seen that Germany, England, France, and Russia are all taking special measures to aid their farmers. It is also worth remembering that the first important reform in Republican Spain was the division of the feudal estates among the peasantry and that Mussolini has

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concentrated his most spectacular efforts on the 'Battle of Bread.' Here are six different nations—some agricultural, some industrial, some Fascist, some Communist, some democratic—all safeguarding their farmers. Is it likely that the United States, with 21 per cent of its workers still employed in agriculture, with some of the richest and most extensive farming lands in the world, and with foreign trade everywhere on the decline, will allow its farmers to go to the wall in order to invest more money and sell more goods abroad? To judge from the militancy that our farming population has shown throughout the depression, any government that ignored their demands would surely find itself in trouble.

And then there are the technical and scientific factors. Although the farmers of every nation are growing more and more produce with less and less labor, their condition is generally accounted to be desperate. But the trouble, as M. Delaisi points out, is 'above all financial.' It would therefore seem that some contradiction exists between the new methods of agricultural production and the existing financial system, except in Russia, where a bumper crop is looked upon as a benefit, not a calamity. But Russia has attempted to revolutionize property relationships in agriculture in order to take full advantage of the greater efficiency of mechanized farming. For history teaches that new methods of production create new organizations of society, and Russia is reorganizing both production and society simultaneously. The result is still in doubt, but if the spread of the factory system in eighteenth-century England ruined cottage industries and caused the workers to congregate in cities, may not the big collective farm —Russian or non-Russian—ultimately ruin the small independent farmer and cause social readjustments equally far-reaching?

VII

But the agricultural revolution has not yet run its course. I have already listed some of its outstanding technical features, and it is only necessary to add that the engineers who perfected the combine and the farm tractor, the plant-breeders who opened up new wheat fields, the entomologists who destroyed the fruit fly, and the chemists who extracted nitrogen from the air are not idle. What their next contribution may be no prophet can say, but some of their tasks are becoming increasingly clear. In a radio address on 'The Age of Planned Power,' reprinted in the July 1933 LIVING AGE, Julian Huxley stated that 'in the near future it is more than probable that many nations will save on their bill for imported fuel by making a good deal of alcohol out of home-grown crops.' In the more distant future, when the world's petroleum supply approaches exhaustion, grain or plant alcohol is likely to be as common as gasoline and kerosene to-day, thanks to 'a quite recent scientific discovery concerning distillation, which makes it easy to get practically pure alcohol (99.9 per cent pure) out of molasses or potatoes, whereas less than ten years ago all that you could hope for commercially was alcohol with four per cent of water in it.' Already mixtures of gasoline and alcohol are being used as motor fuel in France, Sweden, Germany, and Australia.

Whatever the course of the agri-

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cultural revolution may be, the present condition of the world demonstrates the failure of individual and feudal methods alike. Two months ago in 'Money or Machines?' I tried to show that modern industry and orthodox finance can no longer exist side by side. Precisely the same thing is true of mechanized agriculture and feudal or individual administration of that agriculture. Both the feudal landowners and the independent farmers must sell their produce at a financial profit, and if they cannot make a profit their goods are withheld from the market or their losses are paid for by the state. This has recently led to such scandalous actions that the officials responsible for them should be clapped into jail as public enemies. Our own Agricultural Adjustment Administration, for instance, has just drawn upon a seven-million-dollar subsidy to cover the loss involved in selling between thirty and thirty-five million bushels of 'surplus' wheat to the Orient at precisely the moment when New York City's unemployed were testifying to a jury of impartial citizens and settlement workers that 'shortage of funds' prevented them from getting enough to eat during at least two weeks in every four. Here are the two opening paragraphs of the official statement in which the Adjustment Administration explained the sale:—

'The proposed marketing agreement has been made under the authority of Section 2, Section 8, and Section 12, Subsection B, of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, which provides for marketing agreements and use of funds for expansion of markets and removal of surplus agricultural products. It is emphasized that no wheat would be sold for less than the world price as a result of the operation of the agreement. The wheat might be sold anywhere in the world market, but officials expect that most of it would move to the Orient.'

And Japan has behaved just as badly. Although the rice crop for the current year is 37 million bushels under the usual national consumption, the Government is holding a carry-over of 50 million bushels that are not being sold for fear that prices will fall.

Already the agricultural revolution has three distinct achievements to its credit. It has made possible the Russian experiment of collective farming. It has made Germany and Italy increasingly independent of foreign foodstuffs. It has made grain alcohol a practical motor fuel. What next? If the Russian experiment succeeds, the socialization of agriculture is likely to precede the socialization of industry in those countries with enough land to make large-scale farming physically possible. As for smaller areas, more and more discoveries by research workers are making them more and more self-sufficient. This means that the nations of Europe are less dependent on foreign food supplies than they were in 1914 and therefore better able to go to war. It also means declining markets for the food-exporting countries. Finally, the development of grain alcohol as a motor fuel suggests that farm products will continue to find their way into industry and that the farmer's market may presently expand as rapidly as the market of the industrialist did a hundred years ago. Here is the one possibility capable of saving agriculture from socialization in the near future.

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BOOKS ABROAD

JAHRE DER ENTSCHEIDUNG. *Volume One:* DEUTSCHLAND UND DIE WELTGESCHICHTLICHE ENTWICKLUNG. *By Oswald Spengler. Munich: C. H. Beck. 1933.*

(From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich)

SPENGLER speaks of the present when he speaks of the future and he speaks of the future when he describes the present. He knows that he lives in a period of transition. His critical measure of the politico-economic and spiritual events of our time is based on the historical concept of true Prussianism, a concept that is not geographically or ethnographically identified with Prussia. To Spengler, 'form-giving power' remains identical with the 'Prussian martial spirit,' 'everywhere and not in Germany alone.' Everything that Spengler has to say against the 'flattening' of society, against the obliteration of orders and rank in the political and social structure, against the standardization of culture owes its incomparable penetration and justice to his powerful evocation of a once great aristocratic and individualistic way of life. That is Spengler's conservatism, and as he contemplates the chaos of our time and the dangers that threaten the West, he says: 'Only the conservative element, weak as it was in the nineteenth century, can and will prevent collapse in the future.'

In accordance with his morphology of world history, Spengler derives his vision of the future from an analogy between the Western soul and the souls of other cultural epochs. According to Spengler, the Chinese, Indian, and Roman cultures all produced similar forms of spiritual and politico-economic life as they approached their end. Since all known spiritual entities possess the same life forms in their periods of birth, development, maturity, and decay,—'for,' says Spengler, 'culture is a growth,'—the end of Western culture must create analogous forms. These are the masses and the Cæsars.

'Complete Cæsarism is a dictatorship, but not a dictatorship of one party—rather the dictatorship of a single man against all parties, especially his own.' 'The true Cæsarism of all declining cultures rests on a small, strong minority.' It stands in opposition to the masses, who want nothing but 'bread and circuses.'

In his theory of dictatorship Spengler had a forerunner of genius in the Spanish statesman and Catholic historical philosopher, Juan Donoso Cortés (1809–1853). Because Donoso held it impossible that the masses should be converted to Catholic doctrine, he foresaw but two possibilities—either a dictatorship from above or a dictatorship from below, and he explained that the former was the more desirable, especially in the face of the inevitable catastrophe toward which Europe was moving.

Two revolutions have given our period its character—class war and race war. Spengler, who has already written a critique of Marxist doctrine in *Prussianism and Socialism* which ranks with the best work that has been done in this field, wages bitter war on

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the Marxist ideology of class struggle. He attacks the idea of class war for having created nothing new and destroyed what already existed. Socialism he considers 'a capitalism from below' that wishes to pay labor as much as possible, without regard to the buying power of the purchaser, and hence sell as little as possible. In place of the destructive concept of bourgeoisie versus proletariat, he sets up the idea of the state as a living organism. 'The more completely a nation represents culture and the more emphatically it bears the mark and form of true culture, the more its growth develops different ranks and orders that honorably keep their distance from each other, all the way from the peasantry at the bottom to the leading circles of metropolitan society.'

This entity is the state, and to serve it to the best of one's own abilities with free self-abnegation and self-control is the noblest task of man. That is what Spengler calls real socialism, since it has an ethical character and is not like planned economics or state socialism. The entity of the state has a single destiny, the power of which is not weakened by allegiance to any economic class. For Spengler argues that history is national history and that national history is military history and therefore that everything depends on being prepared. Spengler's conservative ideal of the state structure he expresses in the following words, which cannot be misunderstood:—

'Whoever rises through capacity and through inner power to higher spheres must be educated and ennobled by rigid conventions and uncompromising morality in order that these customs may be reproduced and reincarnated in his children and grandchildren. A living society ceaselessly renews itself with valuable blood pouring in from below and without. The inner power of a living morality is indicated by how much it can receive, refine, and assimilate without losing its equilibrium.'

Spengler discusses race warfare as the historical fact that must have long disturbed students of non-European countries, to wit, the awakening of the colored nations of the earth, partly as a consequence of the doctrine of self-determination, which Europeans have spread far and wide. Already, in *Man and Technics*, published in 1931, Spengler condemned 'the treason of technics.' The predominance of Western Europe and North America, he explained, rested in the second half of the nineteenth century on an 'uncontested monopoly of industry.' The treason of technics consists in its having vaingloriously offered technical knowledge to all the world.

This fact, in conjunction with the wage scale, which is but a fraction of that enjoyed by European workers, and in conjunction with the deep-seated race hatred that separates the 'whites' from the 'colored,' has profoundly shattered Western and American predominance. Spengler therefore asserts that the World War 'was a defeat of the white races and the peace of 1918 was the first triumph of the colored world.'

'A universal colored world revolution,' an uprising of the colored races, who up to now have been ruled by the whites, is the distinguishing feature of our time. 'It makes no difference,' writes Spengler, 'whether ancient, weary civilizations, like those of India

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and China, can maintain order without foreign rule. The only question is whether they are able to throw off the white yoke, and that is now the case. Which of the colored powers will first gain the ascendency—whether Russia, Japan, or some great adventurer with a vast army behind him, no matter of what origin—will be decided later or not at all. The great historical question is whether the attack on the white nations will succeed or fail, and on this subject there is an overpowering unanimity of opinion that gives one pause. Furthermore, what powers of spiritual and material resistance against this danger does the white world possess?'

Only the German race, in Spengler's opinion, possesses the strength to offer possible resistance. But the conception of race is not used in an anti-Semitic sense, as is the fashion to-day. 'Race purity,' says Spengler, 'is a grotesque expression in the face of the fact that for thousands of years all tribes and peoples have been mixed.' 'He who talks too much about race has none left himself.' To Spengler, race is an ethics that one either possesses or lacks. 'Barbarism is what I mean by a strong race: the eternal warrior in the form of man, the beast of prey.'

We have had more than enough of this criminal play on barbaric and warlike instincts, and Spengler's book, *Man and Technics*, is full of it. Everyone knows that nations can be bled white and yet not fulfill their destiny in world history. For in war, as Spengler himself says, the best men are killed, and the best men are those who are always ready in a real emergency. They are not the men who spend their lives seated at desks or raising war cries in the presence of mass meetings in the belief that they are transmitting significant knowledge.

Spengler's new book, like everything else that he has written, leaves one with mixed emotions. It contains profound insight of a psychological and political nature side by side with the most extravagantly biased and false statements. What Spengler has to say about the development of the social problem during the nineteenth century in no way corresponds with historic facts. There are brilliant pages of great polemic power attacking mass culture. There are very fine observations on high and menial work, on the inequality of man, on property and spiritual-intellectual bearing. But the statement, 'Democracy is already Bolshevism,' is ridiculous. Great achievements and ridiculous achievements can be accomplished in one form of state as well as in another. Any form of state can endure through history or abdicate. Ultimately it comes down entirely to the intellectual character and spiritual training of the men who give life to any form of state.

THE CANNERY BOAT AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. *By Takiji Kobayashi. London: M. Lawrence. 1933. 5s.*

(Edward Garnett in the *Manchester Guardian*)

SO FAR as one can judge from internal evidence these short stories of the life of Japanese peasants and industrial workers reflect truthfully the general exploitation of the proletariat by capitalism. One would say that history is repeating in the Far East all the social stupidities and iniquities that were generated by European industrialism in the last century were it not for a new, more menacing note in the throats of the Asiatics. Commu-

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nism becomes an heroic creed when imperialistic nationalism, capitalistic patriotism, Parliament, the press, the army, and the police are combined to stamp it out of existence. 'The Monument,' the narrative of the struggle of eleven peasant families to preserve their land against the encroachment of a powerful new company formed to exploit the radio-active springs of Yotani, records the desperate militancy of the despised agricultural laborers, who end by forming the All-Japan Peasant Union. The leaders are arrested and sent to prison, the founder, Hamamato, their solitary representative, is murdered, the memorial stone is taken away by the police; but the peasants meet in secret, collect new stones, subscribe for bags of cement, and finally erect the monument, in a snowstorm, to the memory of Father Hamamato. One might be turning over a page in the story of the early Christian persecutions. A most effective sketch of two pages, 'The Man Who Did Not Applaud,' describes the author's suspicion of an elderly workman who remains impassive at a workers' mass meeting against armaments and the war industry. The workman bears the scars of shrapnel on his staring face, and at last when he lifts his arms as though to clap they fall heavily on his knees. And only then does the narrator see that the veteran has two artificial arms!

If this be propaganda it is excellent art, but, we repeat, the stories in matter and form ring true; and the veracity of Kobayashi's sketch, in 'The Fifteenth of March 1928,' of the treatment of trade-unionist leaders at police headquarters is unfortunately attested by his murder in a police cell on February 21, 1933, a victim of the Labor cause.

According to the note appended to the stories, 'the workers and students in all the big cities in Japan came out into the streets on March 15 and demonstrated and distributed leaflets protesting against this foul murder.' This little book is a fitting monument to Kobayashi's fearless talent.

LA NUIT DE LA SAINT-JEAN. *By Carl Wilhelmson. Paris: Albin Michel. 1933.*

(André Bellessort in *Le Correspondant*, Paris)

SAINT JOHN'S NIGHT is a Finnish novel by a Finnish author. According to his French translator, Carl Wilhelmson is not a professional novelist. He has simply novelized his recollections. But this is not the impression he makes. *Saint John's Night* is a very beautiful book and a very fine novel about a European country that has perhaps preserved its traditions better than any other and that remains the most primitive land in Europe behind its defense of lakes and forests. It is a novel of ancient times that have continued into the present.

Little Otto, at the age of ten, is kidnapped by Russian recruiting agents who are furious because they cannot lay their hands on mature men, who have all fled into the forest. First as the baby of the regiment and then as an orderly, the boy learns the sad lessons of patience and silence. One night he makes his escape by hiding in a Swedish boat that is just weighing anchor. Then begins a seagoing life, first on one ship and then on another, interrupted by periods of violent drinking and homesickness. Later he works in American cities,

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learning the wisdom of the world and scraping up acquaintances in the evening. Finally he is overwhelmed by the evils of the country and returns to Finland. It takes him eight days to get from the city of Viipuri to the harbor where the house of his father and grandfather is situated. Twenty years have passed since he was kidnapped and eleven since his father has died. All the people in the house are almost beside themselves with terror when they see him return except his grandfather, who dabbles in sorcery and has predicted the home-coming.

Imagine this man who has been all over the world and lived in America finding himself in a house where fifteen people sleep in one room on benches or on the floor, although the master and mistress have a separate chamber. In this same room everyone eats out of the same plate with his hands and drinks in turn out of the same keg of beer and the same bottle of cognac. Driven by his imagination and his misfortunes, he had created a Finland of dreams, and how superior he now feels to the members of his family. He decides that he will never live such a life and prepares to depart.

But here is what happens. The village shoemaker has a daughter, Aïno, whom the old bards might have put in their sagas, with her skin of olive and rose, her roguish face, her dark, waving hair, and all her graces. On Saint John's night Otto, at the advice of his grandfather, puts on a pair of white trousers and a blue vest and cap, nor does he forget a birch rod. He then presents himself at the dairy, where Aïno is sleeping. He knocks three times on the window with the rod and pronounces the consecrated words, which are followed by the traditional silence on the part of the girl. He then says more. She rises, appears in the doorway wearing a petticoat and white chemise, and then, turning her back on him, jumps into bed and pulls the covers up to her chin. Otto takes off his shoes and coat and lies down near her, separated only by the eider-down quilt. Such are the old customs of this blessed eve. But both of them feel a little embarrassed. She gets up, makes him some coffee, and plays tunes for him on her zither. This scene, which I have merely outlined, is full of simple, fresh poetry.

The better part of this idyl of poverty remains unexpressed. Aïno is engaged to Esco, a cousin of Otto's who has gone to Viipuri to learn the fur trade, and it never enters her head to break her engagement. Has she any regrets? As Otto describes his adventures all over the world she experiences some of the same dangerous pleasure that Desdemona knew. Until Esco returns she is nothing more than an attentive friend, perhaps a slightly coquettish one, but on the other hand we feel that something is stirring inside her that she never wants to admit even to herself. The rivalry between Otto and Esco is revealed only in wagers and ancient games. Otto is unsuccessful. He attends the marriage of the woman he loves in the capacity of 'brother' to the groom. I shall not tell you how the married couple on their wedding night make fun of the sorcerer, who comes without being invited, or how that old familiar of serpents and crows revenges himself on them for their insolence.

Otto consoles himself by marrying the young servant girl, Liisa, who is as pretty as a chrysanthemum and as timid as a gazelle, but these are words

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that she hears from his lips for the first time and he must explain to her what they mean. Night after night he keeps swearing that he will prepare to depart. But the days continue to pass. He likes to weave nets and listen to the frozen singing of sledges in the early morning. The savagery of these lost forests, the solitude of these lakes, the ancient countryside captivate his soul. Finally he asks himself, 'Do ghosts exist?' Here is a beautiful novel of the north.

PATRIOTISM, LTD. *London: Union of Democratic Control. 1933. 6d.*

(From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

PATRIOTISM, LTD., with a striking color design by McKnight Kauffer on the cover, is a mine of well-documented and not readily accessible facts about the preparation for the next war. It is happily timed to appear at a moment when the international control of armaments is the one disarmament proposal that still retains any semblance of life. The secretary of the Union of Democratic Control, who is generally known to be the author, is to be congratulated on a piece of work which is careful as well as startling, which indulges in the minimum of rhetoric, and which relies for its effect on the presentation of vitally important facts, many of which have not been stated before. The best review is a short summary of the contents.

The first chapter gives the fullest account we have yet seen of the rearmament of Germany. Excellent use has been made of French dossiers and of the technical armaments press. It is not, of course, a complete account; in the absence of international control we have ultimately to rely on spies for any information about armaments that governments do not themselves publish. The pamphlet next tells the story of the Hirtenberg gun-running incident—an example of the subterfuges to which the vanquished and disarmed countries will go, with the help of the armed victor countries, to obtain illegal arms. The delicious story of the Skoda scandal comes next; except in this journal and the *Manchester Guardian* we have scarcely seen any previous references to it in the British press. It is a story true to type—the competition of rival arms firms for orders, the faked war scare, and the timely bribery that brings the orders; the accidental discovery of the bribery (due on this occasion to the armament firm's reluctance to pay income tax), the beginnings of exposure in the Rumanian Parliament, quietly sidetracked into an inquiry that hushes up the whole business as soon as it is obvious that exposure of the foreign firm will mean exposure of corruption among high officials of the state.

Though all the important personages were successfully sheltered in this case, enough came out to make a very entertaining and illuminating story. The best document of all is the letter from one armament-firm manager to another politely asking, with a nice hint of a threat in the background, for his personal compensation to be paid quickly—compensation due to him because, as manager, he had allowed the orders to go to a competing firm without pushing the claims of his own, which could have provided the same goods at about half the price!

An Appendix to this pamphlet

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retells the long-forgotten story—exposed in the French Chamber of Deputies in 1919 and first told in this country in *Foreign Affairs* when it was edited by E. D. Morel—of the war-time arrangement by which French and German iron and steel areas on each side of the line were left immune from bombs. One French officer, naïvely believing that the object of the War was to defeat Germany as soon as possible, actually made the mistake of bombing this sacred arms territory, and was severely reprimanded by his superiors.

Even more novel and surprising to most people will be the chapter in this pamphlet which shows, on the evidence of published reports, that the taxpayer is to-day paying considerable sums of money for research which is in fact military, but which he has hitherto believed to be industrial or medical. The account of the extent and profits of armament manufacture and export, the description of the technique of war research with its paraphernalia of secrecy and its arrangements for keeping up the full capacity of armament firms by encouraging export to less developed countries of every kind of weapon (except the very most up to date, which are reserved for the home government)—all these are impressive; but the discovery that the Medical Research Council is really in part at least an adjunct of the War Office is something of a shock. It is time for some of our doctors and scientists who live on money voted by a public that believes them to be disinterested men of science devoted to improving the health and wealth of mankind to come into the open and tell us how they justify themselves in spending their lives in helping to prepare for the destruction of society.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The Free Press in Russia

WHATEVER else Communism may have done for Russia, it has increased the number of newspapers from 467 to 5,400 and their total circulation from about two million to thirty-eight million. Of these papers 1,760 are district organs and 1,560 factory organs, but their enormous following and the fact that there are ten million readers of newspapers published in non-Russian languages would seem to substantiate the claim of the Soviet authorities that illiteracy has been reduced from 60 to 10 per cent.

Only lack of paper keeps down the circulation and size of Russian publications. New subscriptions are sometimes not even filled—a contrast with the American practice of continuing old ones long after the date of expiration—yet *Izvestia* and *Pravda* both have 1,600,000 readers and *Krestianskaia Gazeta* (*The Peasants' Gazette*) has over two millions, in other words, more than all the newspapers in present Soviet territory had before the Revolution. The daily papers are restricted to four pages and print no scandal, household hints, fashion notes, crossword puzzles, sporting news, or stock-market quotations. Special publications deal with literature and art, and the regular dailies concentrate on foreign news, government decrees, decisions of the Communist Party, and domestic industrial developments. Personality is played down. Except for Karl Radek's political articles, Mikhail Koltzov's humorous essays, and the cartoons of Deni and Efimov the Soviet press, especially in the provinces, tends to a dead level of standardized uniformity.

Functional differences do, however, exist between the various publications. *Izvestia* specializes in general news; *Pravda*, in news of the Communist Party. And the people respond with enthusiasm; newspaper lines in Moscow are as long as bread lines. Printed matter in Russia maintains a much higher level than printed matter in corresponding American publications. Although there are no 'quality magazines' and nothing like the *New York Times*, the masses, for whom all the writing is done, not only get better fare than the American tabloids furnish; they are also fired with the desire to improve their newly acquired skill at reading.

Lyrics for Hitler

TWO books have lately appeared in Germany—*Sturm- und Kampfliederbuch* (*Storm and Fight Song Book*) and *Das Kleine Nazi-Liederbuch* (*The Little Nazi Song Book*)—filled with the popular songs that helped bring the Nazis to power. Here are some characteristic titles: 'To our leader, Adolf Hitler, we swear loyalty to death,' 'Hurrah, hail, Adolf Hitler, always go before us,' 'To Adolf Hitler we stay true,' 'We call ourselves the Hitlerites,' 'When the red Hitler banner waves,' 'We're Hitler's brown storm columns,' 'Make room for Hitler's brown brigade.'

And the words of the songs live up to the promise of the titles. 'The Adolf Hitler Song,' written after its hero had been thrown into jail in Munich, opens this way:—

Brothers, now bow your heads in grief,
We have been robbed of our dear leader.
They have betrayed and arrested him
Of the glowing heart and the guileless mind.

The socialistic element is very much to the fore in the following 'Workers' Battle Song':—

Rise, working man, and let us march.
We want work and we want bread;
We have nothing more to lose,
For our brothers' need is great.

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What about it, working man?
World capital may beat us down.

We will not fight for any prince,
Or for the rich, bad capitalist.
We will never go in chains.
Let the land be free and justice German.
This do we shout and cry aloud,
With brain and brawn and all our strength.

With banks and money, Jews enslave
The working man throughout the world.
They do not work, they're good for nothing.
It is our sweat from which they live,
And when you suffer, working man,
That's what the Jew calls human rights.

Thus, working man, are we betrayed,
By counts and by the Cohens, too,
We are betrayed and are deceived.
We're used to yield the Jew a profit.
Raise up the hammer, let it smite,
And hew the socialistic Reich.

Of the hundred and fifty songs in both collections, about three-fourths are directed against the Jews. The following lines, entitled 'In Soviet Russia,' combine anti-Communism with anti-Semitism:—

In Soviet Russia, in the far north,
The Jews are most notorious.
They rob, they plunder and do murder,
They thrust themselves in everywhere.
But among us it is quite different.
Here the Jews go to the stock market.
Not a quarter of them, not an eighth of them
Understand one Christian word.

Chorus: Always having a jolly time,
Nathan Moses, you get yours.
A kosher Jew never goes under,
But Izzy, Izzy, just you wait.

When the Jews in the desert
Had eaten a garlic sausage,
The whole crowd of them
Got awfully thirsty.
No drop of water anywhere,
But Moses, he was clever,
He smote a rock in two,
Then water spouted forth.

Chorus: Always having a jolly time, etc.

Here, in conclusion, are two stanzas from another song in the original German:—

Wir sind des Hitlers braunes Heer, heia, hoho!
Wir machen Bonzensessel leer, heia, hoho!
Drauf und dran, Mann für Mann!
Hitlers braunes Heer rückt an!

Das deutsche Land dem deutschen Mann.
Der Jude lauf nach Kanaan,
Wenn er noch laufen kann.

(We are Hitler's Brown Army, hiyah, hoho!
We force the mighty to leave their seats,
hiyah, hoho!
Up and down, man for man,
Hitler's Brown Army marches on.

The German land for the German man,
The Jew runs for Canaan if run he can.)

These lines, written in 1929, turn out to be much more accurate prophecy than many prose statements issued in that year.

Horoscope by Valéry

Annie Quensel, a frequent contributor to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, recently had the good fortune to meet Paul Valéry at a literary salon given by the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld in Paris. The Duchesse is not only an authoress in her own right who uses the pen name of Gilbert Mange; she is also a skillful artist who has done an excellent pencil sketch of Valéry. Through her, therefore, the visiting newspaper woman from Vienna was invited by Valéry to call on him in his own study, where he delivered an impromptu prophecy on the future of mankind 'as if he had a manuscript in his hand.' Having devoted eight pages of our July issue to a 'Horoscope for America' by our own editor, we feel that this month we owe it to Valéry and to our readers to give his statement in full too, so here it is:—

'For some forty years I have been a pessimist in regard to the destiny of European civilization, which is ultimately

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based on the inner value of man. If people should show themselves equal to the tasks that confront them, we could face the inevitable storms and earthquakes of the future with assurance, but if people can not defend the mighty inheritance of ideas and knowledge that they themselves have created, then we are like a race that cannot carry the heavy armor of its ancestors any longer. It is both curious and sad to see how everything that has brought forth civilization and human thought can become a real poison to the human spirit. Never before was man more powerful, never did he have more mechanical aids, and never was he less able to see what the morrow will bring forth.

'His vision is of course obscured by the fact that the morrow must be built at least to some extent on the evening of the day before. People try to derive the future from the past, but for some decades now we have changed the world so fundamentally from every point of view that the past is actually preventing us from seeing into the future. Not long ago someone asked me how I thought the world would look in fifty years. I replied, "We are now living in the year 1933, and fifty years ago it was 1883. Can you imagine that a man living at that time could have foretold the wonderful discoveries that have been made in the last half century—the wireless telegraph and the radio, to name only two important instances? How then can you expect that anyone at the present time, when life can so easily be transformed by a single unexpected invention, would dare to make any kind of prophecy as to the future?"

'This, however, I shall say. What will give rise to inner uncertainty for some time to come is the fact that the violent transformation of our material values and of our economic life has found no corresponding developments in respect to new political and moral creations. We look for some kind of redemption. We yearn for new values that will make life worth living. I have gone back forty years in my own mind to the time when I myself was a young student and I have tried to perceive the differences between the youth of to-day and the young people of my generation. I have discovered that those of us who were young at the turn of the century loved mysticism in art and science and tried to achieve profound knowledge and spirituality. Such desires hardly exist any more in this epoch of crass materialism and mechanization.

'You ask what recipe I would recommend. Well, my own private recipe is that we must make every effort not to do anything that could increase the suffering in the world and at the same time we must try to make the distance that separates men and beasts as wide as possible.'

'Fräulein Doktor' Dramatized

GERMANY'S foremost woman spy has now become the heroine of a Warsaw dramatic hit by a hitherto unknown Polish author, Georg Tepa. Readers of The Living Age may recall H. Berndorf's article, 'Outshining Mata Hari,' in our November 1932 issue, which described the career of Anne Marie Lesser, otherwise known as 'Fräulein Doktor,' and the same story can also be found in the book, *Espionage*, published a few years ago by D. Appleton.

The play begins with a conversation between two telephone booths. War is about to be declared, and the news that a German spy has been killed in Paris but that his papers were saved by a young lady is communicated to the German capital. The next scene shows 'Fräulein Doktor' explaining to the German General Staff in Berlin the plans of the French campaign that she has rescued from her dead colleague. She is at once given a high position in the German Secret Service.

Her first exploit occurs in Brussels just as the War begins. Thanks to her knowledge of French, Fräulein Doktor is able to pose as the daughter of a French officer, and she is accompanied by another Ger-

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man spy disguised as an officer in the British Army. A member of the Belgian counter-espionage service is about to deliver an incriminating fake document to her when a Belgian staff officer who has fallen in love with Fräulein Doktor tells her about the scheme without realizing that she is the spy in question. The Belgian spy is going to arrive at any minute to deliver the document that will identify her as a German spy as soon as it comes into her possession. She therefore tells the Belgian staff officer that a certain man has been annoying her for days, and when the Belgian spy appears she points him out as her persecutor. The officer at once orders his arrest and the fake document is found in his pocket. He protests his innocence and insists that the woman is the real spy, but he is hustled away. Fifteen minutes later Fräulein Doktor and her German accomplice, who has meanwhile secured the real document, make their escape over the border by automobile.

The next act occurs in Paris. The French Information Service had been able to compile a list of the whole German espionage corps, and it is her duty to steal this list. Posing as a Breton peasant girl, she chloroforms a sergeant, takes the list from his desk, and escapes. But the most dramatic scene is laid in Berlin, where Fräulein Doktor has been put in charge of the Espionage Bureau. Here she establishes stricter discipline than the officers themselves have ever seen and commands their utmost respect. Presently she discovers that one of the men in the bureau is in the service of the Allies. She accuses him point-blank in private, gives him a gun, and shows him into the next room, telling him that he has ten minutes in which to commit suicide. She then summons her chief, who refuses to believe her story until he hears the pistol shot next door.

Another scene tells the story of Fräulein Doktor's escape from a French hospital behind the front-line trenches, where, disguised as a nurse, she is finally discovered by the Belgian staff officer who fell in love with her in Brussels at the beginning of the War. The closing scene is the weakest, for it shows her, after the close of the War, suffering hallucinations in a hospital for the insane. There is no reference to the rumor that Fräulein Doktor was the woman in the case of Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart of the British Army, who is now serving time for having communicated British military secrets to a German woman spy.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Harold Nicolson on Truslow Adams

ONE of England's foremost historians and biographers passed judgment on a fellow craftsman of equal distinction in the United States when Harold Nicolson reviewed *From Civil War to World Power*, the second volume of James Truslow Adams's *March of Democracy*, in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

What I love best about America is its pathos. I do not mean by that merely the undertone of sadness evoked by the contrast (as also in Russia) between the immensity of the rounding globe and the timidity of our human hearts. I mean the tragedy latent in a civilization that has become uncertain of its own sincerity. Authentic Americans are conscience-stricken regarding that uncertainty. They look back with homesick eyes to those eras in their own history when the present appeared noble and the future sacred. It is with pathetic perplexity that they realize how widely the American system of to-day differs from the American idea of the founding fathers.

Mr. James Truslow Adams is the most potent influence in this spiritual revival. His *Epic of America* filled many hundred thousands of his compatriots with a most unpleasant surmise. Was it all quite true, all that which (for thus they express themselves) they had been taught at high school? Being a neurotic and uprooted race, they came to the conclusion that it was all untrue. The American is always apt to go too far. I have a feeling that Mr. Truslow Adams goes too far. American history, after all, cannot be quite so squalid as all that.

I have been reading this week Volume II of his *March of Democracy*. Let me say at once, to those who do not know it already, that Mr. Adams is a delightful writer who gives to the dullest substances the iridescence of romance. Let me add that his integrity as a scholar, and even as a philosopher, is beyond dispute. Yet there is a certain New England superiority about Mr. Adams that might disconcert those who failed to realize that the man is in deadly earnest. The English reader, in particular, must be warned against this book. It will be bad for him. It is addressed primarily to those of Mr. Adams's compatriots who have absorbed their national history from the text-books at high school, and who have thus derived an erroneous and complacent impression of what America was, stands for, and is. Yet Mr. Adams is apt at times to turn his beam a trifle too ruthlessly upon the seamy side. That side exists. Yet it is but the reverse of the superb tapestry that constitutes the first chapter of the American experiment. Obviously, America has degraded much that was valuable; yet she is inventing many values 'which'—and I quote from the glum Mr. Adams himself—'are also of supreme importance.'

I am not criticizing his history; I think it admirable. I am merely warning the British reader that Mr. Adams leaves out of his vivid story a very important point. He omits to observe in any convincing manner that America has attempted something which has never been attempted before. And that America, in the end (and thanks to powers of self-criticism such as those possessed by Mr. Adams), will succeed in this attempt.

Yet the homesickness for a betrayed ideal subsists. All authentic (I repeat), and therefore sensitive, Americans are well aware that they have lost their Utopia, their pastoral world, their magnificent

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agricultural democracy. They know very well that by giving to democracy its most licensed expression they have dragged that old lady in the gutter. She has become breathless, hysterical, and soiled. They know all that. And now that they cannot produce prosperity as a compensation they try to blame it on the bankers, and Mr. Sinclair Lewis, and the decline of religion among the moneyed classes. Meanwhile they throb with homesickness for the simplicity, the narrowness, and the integrity of the old, old world of 1882.

Roy Howard and Japan

WHEN Roy Howard, head of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, was visiting Japan during the summer, he was allowed to interview the Emperor but not to quote him. The result was that he wrote a dispatch interpreting what the Emperor had had to say and concluding that the United States should build a navy up to the full limits of the Washington Treaty. The *Japan Chronicle*, a liberal, British-owned journal published in Kobe, devoted a long editorial to Mr. Howard's visit and had some nasty things to say about its purpose:—

Apparently the ultimate object of the recent visit to Japan of Mr. Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, was that Mr. Howard might 'do his bit' toward the promotion of the next war. His reading of the situation is that China will do all she can to strengthen herself in order to get even with Japan, and therefore America must have a big navy. His big-navy stunt is the main interest; the rest is all picturesque trimmings. That it was already in his mind when he was in Japan is indicated by his almost passionate declaration that there was no reason in the world for Japan and America to go to war. It seemed a strange line to take, because nobody had supposed that there was any such reason; but it was soon afterward explained by Mr. Howard's advocacy of a big navy: 'To assure continued peace with Japan . . . a building plan should be launched at once that will bring the American navy up to full treaty quota at an early date.' This means nothing else than that if America is not sufficiently strong to deter Japan from any such attempt, Japan will take the opportunity—or at least may take the opportunity—to make an attack on America. Japan, it appears, thinks that the opportunity is rapidly ripening. She is convinced that America is letting the navy dwindle as a result of female suffrage and in deference to the clamor of the taxpayers. Why both reasons should be cited we do not know; it might have been better to save one of them. That a nation as rich and strong as America is conceded to be could really favor arms reduction in order to advance an idealistic principle is beyond the grasp of the Japanese imagination, Mr. Howard declares. The Japanese public, according to his view of the matter, thinks that the Americans are too penurious to fight, and in this misconception lies a real danger.

Because Mr. Howard said that 'America's efforts to substitute reason for force in international affairs' failed because of 'Europe's reluctance to coöperate,' *The Japan Chronicle* concludes by accusing him of hypocrisy:—

After all, what does Mr. Howard's plea amount to? It is nothing more or less than a declaration that the armaments race may just as well be continued, especially in view of the fact that the United States can afford to continue it better than any other country, especially Japan. It advocates the condonation of what the League of Nations has declared that it could not condone, because this may make the position of the United States a little bit safer. And it suggests that to give Japan something that will cost the United

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States nothing will be such a proof of America's admiration and respect for Japan that Japan's appreciation of these sentiments will make her much less inclined to make war on America. When one comes to look behind the verbiage, was there ever so pusillanimous and so insincere an 'effort for peace'? Mr. Howard was very anxious to show that the United States and Japan never had less cause for a quarrel than they have to-day. This means, among other things, that Manchuria is certainly not worth quarreling over; but does the same dictum apply to the rest of China, or does Mr. Howard mean that if the United States has a sufficiently big navy it can advise Japan to keep her hands off China? He does not say so—he rather proposes acquiescence in Japan's Asiatic policy. But the big navy is presumably to be used as a means of showing Japan that she must draw the line somewhere, and that the decision as to just where she shall draw it is one that should rest, by right of might, with the United States. There are many who would agree, but if this is the policy it would be better not to talk so much about idealism and how Europe has rejected it.

Spoofing Inflation

SIR ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL, Member of Parliament and former official in the British Treasury, has some caustic comments to offer on the Roosevelt Recovery programme, especially in its inflationary aspects:—

Instead of altering the value of the currency, or inflating credit, let Mr. Roosevelt alter, manipulate, or inflate weights and measures. Let him leave the dollar as it is, and call 10 cwt. of wheat a ton of wheat. Then the dollar price of wheat would be doubled. Let him call 10 cwt. of coal a ton of coal. Then the dollar price of coal would be doubled. Let him call half a bale of cotton a bale of cotton. Then the dollar price of cotton would be doubled. Let him call 18 inches one yard. Then the dollar price of textiles would be doubled. Let him call 30 minutes one hour. Then the U. S. workingman's hourly wage would be doubled. This juggling with weights and measures would be as effective for raising prices, and as self-deceptive, as calling 50 cents a dollar by reducing the content of the dollar or as printing and putting into circulation more paper dollars.

Hitherto all attempts at the artificial raising of prices of raw materials have ultimately failed, after a period of temporary success. There is no great hope, therefore, that tampering with the basic principles of trade, currency, and credit and defying the unbreakable laws of supply and demand will solve the problem of unemployment in the U. S. Something may, however, happen by luck. For example, a further recovery of trade in the British Empire and elsewhere would help U. S. prices and employment in such a way as to make it appear that Mr. Roosevelt's plan had succeeded. We wish that success or good luck may attend him. The failure of his programme might lead to the economic collapse of the U. S. A., and Great Britain could not escape injury from such a disaster. We do, therefore, if only in our own interest, desire that his programme may succeed.

On the other hand, let us understand what it is, and let there be no overlooking the risks implicit in tampering with the intensely complex mechanism of commerce, currency, and credit. Let us remember the frightful consequences that Europe knows are inseparable from currency inflation and credit inflation. Manipulating currency by legal enactment, in order to raise prices by inflation, is merely clipping the coin. It is confiscation by taxation in its cruelest form. Altering weights and measures in order to raise prices is merely fraud.

There is no short cut to prosperity by calling two four. The careers of those persons who thought there was a short cut,

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and have themselves tried it, have often terminated in crime, and nearly always in failure. There is no 'ninepence for fourpence.' There is no dollar for half a dollar. The people of the U. S. are unfortunately childish in their handling of economics, just as the German people are childish in their understanding of political science. We have witnessed enough during the past thirty years to know that neither of those great nations understands what it is doing, the one in economics, the other in politics—nor realizes what the results of its actions will be. They are like children playing with fire. And therein lies danger to themselves and others.

Coty and Chicago

TWO features of the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago aroused François Coty to a form of passion different from that which his own perfumes stimulate in others, but no less intense. He criticized his own country for not being officially represented and criticized the Americans for exploiting precisely those features of French civilization that have helped to make him a millionaire newspaper publisher as well as a big cosmetics and scent man. Here is what he has to say about '*le scandale de Chicago*' in *Figaro*:—

France is not officially represented at the universal exposition at Chicago. A 'universal' exposition in which France does not figure reminds one of a 'universal' suffrage from which women are excluded. We insisted that the Government do the necessary thing. But M. Paul-Boncour did not want to. He needed all our billions to the last centime for internal cures.

Italy was represented at Chicago by General Balbo's twenty-four airplanes, which were greeted with transports of enthusiasm. There was fine propaganda! French propaganda, on the other hand, was taken over by some business men who 'reproduced a Paris street.' It is a series of cabarets and low dives where the representative figures of the Saint-Lazare and Santé districts, both the pimps and the prostitutes, promenade as they do here for the benefit of drunken foreigners on night-time excursions. An ignominy.

Even though the Government did not want to show Chicago hard-working, glorious, respectable France, it ought to intervene and force the American authorities and the directors of the Exposition to cause this *insulting* spectacle to disappear. Neither Herr Hitler nor Signor Mussolini would stand for such an offense. Have the Americans who were our guests in Paris during the War or afterward during the Peace never come in contact with any other aspects of our capital? What would they say if we were to install in our country a group of infamous dens, seething with degraded men and women, with the flamboyant inscription, 'NEW YORK'? Nowhere is the honor of France protected.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

THE POWER AGE, ITS QUEST AND CHALLENGE. *By Walter N. Polakov. New York: Covici Friede. 1933. $2.00.*

WALTER N. POLAKOV is one of the few engineers in America sufficiently well informed, unconventional, and articulate to present the case of power production versus the economics of scarcity. As chairman of the committee reporting last April on 'The Significance of Technocracy' for the Society of Industrial Engineers, he assisted in gathering and interpreting a large body of facts on the technological basis of the American social structure. Much of this material is incorporated in this compact and extremely readable volume; taken in connection with the more abstruse and closely reasoned work of Bassett Jones, *The Power Age* should do much to convince the untechnical reader that 'we cannot make a "new deal" by using the same old pack of marked cards. We must employ scientific intelligence and all available engineering means lest we perish, together with the defunct machine age and its Faustian culture!' For Polakov maintains that the *machine*, as such, has nothing to do with our present problems, which result solely from the social utilization of nonhuman energies via the machine: an important distinction, and one which he generously illustrates from examples and detailed statistical material on production, power use, and employment in many industries. The old story of increased total productivity with diminishing employment is repeated, everything in the physical plant justifying the title of one of the concluding chapters, 'Gold Blocks Power,' the theme of which may be found, much expanded, in Henderson's provocative book, *Money Power and Human Life*. Mr. Polakov's particular interest, as shown in much of his earlier work, is in the management of industrial processes, the obtaining of maximum production with minimum human labor. Three chapters, 'Productivity of Labor,' 'Reorientation of Management,' and 'Planning Power Production,' make clear his indebtedness to such pioneers as Taylor and Gantt and lead up to a conception of planning which—rather inexplicably—includes so hopeless a variable as foreign trade and advocates for the unemployed ('disemployed,' as he prefers to call them) the not very scientific principle of 'self-help.' It is also to be regretted that the book lacks an index.

HOW CHINESE FAMILIES LIVE IN PEIPING. *A Study of the Income and Expenditure of 283 Chinese Families Receiving from $8 to $550 Silver per Month. By Sidney D. Gamble. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. 1933. $3.00.*

WHAT the Lynds have done for the average American community in *Middletown* is partially duplicated in this elaborately documented study of urban Chinese standards of living in the years 1926–27. The author, who is research secretary of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., in addition to being a trained student of social problems and a member of the National, the American, and the Royal geographic societies, in this volume carries further a story begun ten years ago in *Peking—A Social Survey*. Here are no beds of roses, but patiently checked records of hardship, privation, and penury, lightened only by the comparative affluence of $200 gold a month. Every effort was made to secure the coöperation of the families included, and the survey analyzes in great detail such factors as food, clothing, housing, and rent; heat, light, and water; weddings and funerals; entertainment and recreation—every type of social class, from coolie and rickshaw runner to college professor being included. Diagrams, tables, illustrations, and a valuable section of twenty 'individual family budgets' serve to bring home interesting facts. For instance, the average annual income per family is $683, the average family consisting of about four persons. Of this amount an average of $57.70 is spent for food, $78.40 for rent, $51 for heat, light, and water, and $260.20 for miscellaneous items, including health, education, religion, and entertainment. (All figures are 'Mex.,' about one-half the American dollar.) Amid the wealth of detail with which the book is crowded it is curious to come upon the emphasis laid by all Chinese on weddings and funerals: a rickshaw man spent nearly four times his monthly income ($61.10 Mex.) for

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the wedding of his only daughter, and a fifty-six-year-old widow paid nearly five times her former income, or $143.25 Mex., to bury her husband suitably. Such facts, and hundreds of others, covering every conceivable aspect of Chinese living conditions in Peiping, make of Mr. Gamble's conscientious survey a very important contribution to our knowledge of China—not as the fashionable photographer or traveler sees it, but as it is to countless thousands from Hong Kong to Harbin.

To Be or Not to Be. A Study of Suicide. *By Louis I. Dublin and Bessie Bunzel. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 1933. $3.50.*

IN HIS capacity as chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dr. Dublin has made many contributions to our knowledge of social problems. Among these problems few are more obviously dramatic or more difficult of correct understanding and treatment than suicide. The present volume, with its careful documentation, numerous references, readable text, and nearly forty pages of exceptionally valuable statistical matter, is an excellent introduction to a subject whose standard bibliography, as compiled in 1927 by Hans Rost, runs to just under 400 pages. The portions dealing with the United States, including a short Appendix on recent suicide trends, make a very useful supplement to Edgar Sydenstricker's chapter on 'The Vitality of the American People' in *Recent Social Trends* (from which, inexcusably, we think, all competent discussion of suicide has been omitted). Generous attention is given to the problem as it occurs elsewhere in the world, all statements being carefully checked against the most reliable figures available. The headings of the six sections indicate the range of the study. The first is entitled 'People Who Commit Suicide' and the second, 'Prevalence of Suicide,' with reference to race, color, age, sex, and method used. 'Influence of the Environment' shows that suicide is higher in urban than in rural areas, is greatest in spring and summer, less in war time than in peace (!), tends to greatest frequency among the upper and professional classes (in England at least), and is lower in Catholic than Protestant countries. Significantly, the rate among Jews in Central Europe has been increasing markedly since the War, while that of Germans and Austrians in the United States and elsewhere often exceeds the rate for all other aliens. (The highest suicide rate officially recorded occurs, not in Japan or the Orient, but in Germany and Switzerland; the lowest, in the Catholic Irish Free State; these two rates being 25.9 and 3.3 per 100,000 respectively in the period, 1926–1930.) 'Historical Background' outlines suicide among primitive peoples, Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Orientals, with an account of the Christian tradition and the modern viewpoint. 'Law and Life Insurance' touches all too briefly on the legal aspects, noting the ominous fact that one American life insurance company paid, in 1931, over a million dollars *more* in suicide claims than in 1926. 'The Psychology of Suicide' discusses the ever difficult questions of temperament, character, motivation, and the various types of social maladjustment and mental disorder leading to the act—which always occurs more frequently among men than among women, and in both sexes reaches its highest incidence with the disease known as 'involution melancholia.' A final section, 'The Prevention of Suicide,' while formulating a few of the more successful methods of prevention, leaves the whole problem still one to be solved—presumably through a more drastic reorganization of the entire social structure. Dr. Dublin is to be congratulated on having written a very illuminating book on a grim subject without recourse to sensationalism.

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CORRESPONDENCE

DAVID WARREN RYDER'S article, 'Two Men of Glasgow,' in our June 1933 issue contained two passages that have brought us several important communications. The first came from the American Bankers Association, and we reproduce it in full:—

TO THE EDITOR:—

My attention has been called to the article beginning on page 354 of the June issue of THE LIVING AGE by David Warren Ryder entitled 'Two Men of Glasgow.' I wish particularly to call your attention to an alleged 'confidential circular sent to all the national bankers,' which begins at the bottom of page 360 and which you quote in full, and also to the statement at the bottom of the first column on page 361: 'Nor was this the first manifestation of such methods. An American Bankers Association circular of 1877 reads,' etc. The first statement, among others things, calls upon the national bankers to 'retire one-third of your circulation and call in one-half your loans. Be careful to make a money stringency felt among your patrons, especially among influential business men,' and the second contains statements that are equally preposterous.

Both of these statements are canards and the American Bankers Association had nothing to do with either. The first one is dealt with at length in the official proceedings of the American Bankers Association for the year 1894, from which I enclose you a photostatic copy. This shows that in March 1894 J. R. Sovreign, General Master Workman, Knights of Labor, Des Moines, Iowa, in a speech at Little Rock, Arkansas, quoted this same 'confidential circular sent to all the national bankers,' which was at that time officially denounced by this Association as a forgery and so later reported to our General Convention as shown by the attached photostat, from which you will note that when the forgery was called to Mr. Sovreign's attention he replied under date of April 4, 1894, stating:—

'I am of the opinion that the place to correct an error is where the error was made; therefore, in justice to your Association, I will return to Little Rock and make the correction from that place, and in my criticisms of our national banking system I will confine myself to the law and the Congressional Record,' etc.

I trust that you will be no less willing than Mr. Sovreign to make suitable reparation by giving publicity to the correction equal to that which you have now given to the original forgery. This applies as well to what your article terms the 'Association's circular of 1877.'

Cordially yours,
F. N. SHEPHERD
Executive Manager

The photostats sent by Mr. Shepherd show that the 'confidential circular sent to all the national bankers' was originally attributed by Mr. Sovreign to the American Bankers Association, whose executive chairman repudiated it in these words after it had been published in the Little Rock *Daily Press*:—

The circular in question was never issued by the American Bankers Association. It bears no signature and is dated on the Sabbath. It carries in its mandatory language, extraordinary suggestions, and idiotic theories the evidence of its falsehood, and no sane man could possibly accept it as genuine. I am very anxious to fasten upon the proper person the responsibility of this false circular. I shall write to Grand Master Sovreign on the subject and demand from him the proof of the genuineness of the circular (which I am sure he cannot furnish), or an acknowledgment that he has no proof to offer. It is questionable, however, whether I can trace the lie to the party who originally uttered and published it.

Mr. Ryder's authority for the circular was Arthur Kitson, a British engineer and inventor of the highest standing who has been advocating money reform for forty years. Indeed, the circular was reproduced by Mr. Ryder from one of Mr. Kitson's pamphlets, *Industrial Depression*, from which it has often been quoted before—notably by C. Marshall Hattersley in all four editions of *This Age*

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of Plenty. Mr. Ryder therefore sent to Mr. Kitson a copy of the letter sent to us by the American Bankers Association and received this reply:—

MY DEAR MR. RYDER,—

I am in receipt of your letters of August 25 and 26 regarding the circular alleged to have been sent to all the banks in 1893, to create a panic in the interests of the gold-standard conspiracy.

I notice the executive manager of the American Bankers Association of New York pronounces this to have been 'a canard'!

It is somewhat extraordinary that this should be denounced after forty years of open publication in many journals. That you may know in what sense it was employed by me, I am enclosing the copy of my lecture, from which Mr. Hattersley took his copy. You will notice that neither I nor Mr. Hattersley attributed this circular to the American Bankers Association. I said merely that it was sent to all the national bankers. I never accused any one person or any one particular organization because I was not informed at that time on this part of the subject. That such a circular letter was issued and circulated I know for a fact. I had one in my possession, and I discussed it with one of the bank officials in Philadelphia at that time. I was first told about it by an ex-official of the Treasury in Washington. He assured me that the circular was genuine in having been dictated by one of the leading bankers of New York and distributed throughout the country. As for the apology quoted from the letter of Mr. Sovreign in 1894, this merely refers to his attributing its authorship to the American Bankers Association. And, as far as this association is concerned, no doubt they are justified in disowning it. Indeed, it is hardly likely that a document of this nature, disclosing one of the most infamous plots ever conceived against the welfare of the American public, would reveal the name or names of its authors.

This, however, is a mere technicality. The truth is that such a letter was widely distributed and was acted upon by the banks. The instructions given in the circular letter were carried out. *That is the gravamen of my charge*. If the policy suggested in the circular had never been carried out there would have been no sense in issuing it. But since it was, in the most brazen manner, and since the results of that policy were appalling, it is quite natural that no man or body of men wishes to bear the odium of having advised it. . . .

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR KITSON

So much for the *first* quotation in Mr. Ryder's article, which did *not* attribute the 1893 circular to the American Bankers Association. Now for the *second* quotation, concerning the 1877 circular, which Mr. Ryder *did* attribute to the American Bankers Association. This Mr. Ryder came upon in a footnote to an article by Major C. H. Douglas on 'The Old Economics and the New' in the *New English Weekly* of December 15, 1932, and this Mr. Shepherd likewise repudiates as a 'canard.' Major Douglas, to whom Mr. Ryder also wrote, gives Mr. Kitson as his authority for the 1877 circular, but accepts Mr. Shepherd's repudiation of both:—

DEAR MR. RYDER,—

In regard to the American Bankers Association circular of 1877 to which you refer, I am afraid my authority is Mr. Kitson, to whom I wrote in regard to this matter about 1921, and who, if I remember correctly, sent me a printed copy of the circular, together with a copy of the 'Hazard' circular issued in 1862, which I quoted in a reply to the Labor Party issued about the same time—1921 ('The Labor Party and Social Credit'). . . .

While it is obvious that the disclaimer of the American Bankers Association has to be accepted and no further use made of the circulars in question, I am a little surprised at the moderation of the action that was originally taken by the A. B. A. in regard to this matter, and I find it difficult to believe that with their resources they were unable to trace the origin of the circular and to prosecute the forger for what is obviously a very serious offense. While I am inclined to agree that the wording of the circular is internal evidence that it did not proceed from the headquarters of the A. B. A., the fact remains that the action taken, so far as my information serves me, was almost in accordance with the terms of the circular. . . .

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

C. H. DOUGLAS

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WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

GOVERNOR GIFFORD PINCHOT of Pennsylvania, a member of our Advisory Council, has spoken as follows of President Roosevelt:—

'We are changing from an unlimited monarchy to a really democratic government. We are moving toward a time when, in deed and in truth, the public good will come first. And the man we have to thank for it before all others is the man who spoke about the "forgotten man" before election, and remembered him afterward, Franklin D. Roosevelt.'

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, who has just joined our Advisory Council, has issued a statement urging that more Cuban sugar be imported to the United States and that the sugar agreement now under consideration in Washington be rejected:—

'The proposal would limit the annual imports of Cuban sugar to a base of 1,700,000 tons. While it is true that the R. F. C. may purchase an additional quota averaging 200,000 tons annually, there is no assurance that such purchases will be made. The base allowed to Cuba would reduce its average annual exports between 1927 and 1931 to the United States nearly one-half, and, thus, make the island a prey to still further economic disorder.'

NEW mortgage legislation has been urged upon the real-estate men of the country by Joseph P. Day, a member of our Advisory Council. Known as the 'Day plan,' his project would permit the Federal Reserve system to rediscount mortgages.

'I recommend that the Government authorize our Federal Reserve banking system to rediscount mortgages the same as it now rediscounts Federal obligations and commercial paper. The Government in turn would exchange long-term government bonds for such mortgages, within certain limits and with definite safeguards, as in the case of the bonds authorized by the home owners' loan bill. It would be far wiser and less costly to use the existing Federal Reserve machinery for this purpose than to set up a brand-new nation-wide organization.'

MANY members of our Advisory Council are actively working for world peace, among them Professor Clyde Eagleton, who has urged a legal definition of war in the June issue of *The International Conciliation Document* published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace:—

'To define war, then, would present difficulties. Furthermore, it is desirable to eliminate the word, with all its unpleasant psychology, from the vocabulary of international affairs. It would seem to be much more effective, and probably less difficult, to restate the existing treaties against war. These treaties, it is conceded, are imperfect; suggestions have already been made looking toward revision of the Covenant of the League, or toward a new treaty to improve the Pact of Paris. If such a treaty could be made, forbidding to any state the use of

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force upon its own initiative, and reserving to the organized community of nations a monopoly of the right to use force, a much simpler solution would be found for making war and force illegal than could be found in the attempt to define war.'

THE Merchants' Association of New York through its president, Louis K. Comstock, a member of our Advisory Council, has urged the President to give special attention to export trade and has suggested that he put machinery in motion to accomplish these three ends:—

'To speed up the State Department in negotiations with foreign governments likely to extend American markets.

'To enforce the N. R. A. and the Agricultural Adjustment Act in such a manner as to injure international trade to the slightest possible degree, including the speeding up of refunds of the processing tax to which exporters are entitled on basic agricultural products.

'The lightening of control measures of the Department of Agriculture over importations of plant and animal products so as to increase the purchasing-power of foreign countries for American products.'

SEVERAL members of our Advisory Council have lately been very much in the public eye as a result of their political activities. Most conspicuous of them all is Sumner Welles, Ambassador to Cuba, who is surely holding down the most ticklish diplomatic post in the world right now. Professor James Harvey Rogers of Yale, just back from Europe, where he conferred with John Maynard Keynes, the bank officials of Lazard Frères, and Pierre Quesnay, French financial expert, reported to President Roosevelt on the impression that the N. R. A. is making abroad from the monetary standpoint. At the Disarmament Conference a third member of our Advisory Council, Hugh R. Wilson, American Minister to Switzerland, has been attending many important conferences with Norman H. Davis.

NEW additions to the Advisory Council since our last issue appeared include: Raymond Leslie Buell, research director of the Foreign Policy Association; Edward R. Eastman, editor of the *American Agriculturalist;* Arthur F. Fischer, director of the Bureau of Forestry in the Philippine Islands; Frederick C. Gratwick, lawyer and publicist of Buffalo, New York; Joseph C. Grew, United States Ambassador to Japan; Frederick C. Howe, lawyer, lecturer, and author; Frank B. Jewett, electrical engineer and vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Rear Admiral E. J. King of the United States Navy; Paul Klapper, professor of education in the College of the City of New York; John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America; Horatio T. Mooers of the United States Consular Service, now stationed in Toronto; Perley Morse, New York accountant, economist, and corporation executive; George Norlin, president of the University of Colorado; William J. Pedrick, New York corporation executive; Lothrop Stoddard, journalist and author; Dorothy C. Stratton, dean of women in Purdue University; and Lillian D. Wald, New York social-service worker.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

compared to that of the British, who ruined Brazil's rubber monopoly by smuggling some plants out of the country and setting up their own plantations in the Malay archipelago.

FASCISM has supplanted democracy in so many countries that even England and America can no longer consider themselves immune. The *Political Quarterly* of London therefore translated Mussolini's official definition of his political philosophy, written for the Italian Encyclopædia, and we are passing it on to the American public. It seems to us a document of the first importance.

THE name of Charles N. Edge is already familiar to many of our readers as the author of several of the most stimulating articles that we have printed in recent years. His attack on Technocracy in our January issue was the first serious criticism of that movement to appear in any American magazine, and in this issue he subjects the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Agricultural Adjustment Act to equally searching criticism. Mr. Edge is a stockbroker by profession, an Englishman by birth, and an economist by choice.

THIS month's article by the EDITOR begins by calling attention to some of the more conspicuous political results of the revolution in agriculture now in progress throughout the world. He then points out the technical achievements that have enabled Russia to embark on its collective-farm experiment and Germany to become increasingly self-sufficient. Next comes an account of the Australian, Argentinian, Canadian, and American developments that culminated in the recent wheat agreement. The prospects of the American farmer are discussed, and the article concludes that unless industry can find some use for farm products socialized agriculture will be the order of the day because farmers can now grow so much more food than the market demands that state control is necessary.

THE three characters in our 'Persons and Personages' department represent widely separated countries. The late King Faisal of Irak ruled over territories in whose subsoil lay England's richest oil deposits and in whose upper regions lay the air route to India. We also meet General Araki of Japan, who is attempting to introduce to the Orient his own version of Mussolini's Fascist creed. Finally, Francis de Croisset, popular Parisian playwright, tells some amusing anecdotes about the early life of his even more popular fellow craftsman—Sacha Guitry.

ANY of our readers who miss Harold Ward's new department, 'The Sciences and Society,' are hereby invited to write in and tell us so. We have had to omit it this month but expect to resume it in the very near future. Meanwhile, Mr. Ward is represented in this issue by all three of the reviews in 'Our Own Bookshelf.'

OUR 'Correspondence' department is entirely devoted to a dispute between the American Bankers Association and two leaders of the Social Credit movement concerning the authenticity of two circulars, one dated 1893, the other 1877, that David Warren Ryder reproduced in his article on 'Two Men of Glasgow' in our June issue. We wish to emphasize here two points that emerge from the evidence now before us. Mr. Ryder's article did not attribute the 1893 circular to the American Bankers Association, yet that is the only circular which is repudiated in the photostatic material that their secretary sent us. As far as the 1877 circular is concerned, we have the Association's assurance that it is also a canard, and the Social Credit people have not presented any evidence to the contrary.

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WAR AND PEACE

SINCE the War we have had too much internationalism in this country. We have had an overdose of Geneva. There is not a faddist or a fumbler who does not take Geneva close to his heart.—*Patrick J. Hannon, British industrialist.*

A year ago the sympathies of most Englishmen were with Germany as against France, but the revival of intolerant, bellicose nationalism in Germany has caused a violent reaction. Europe suddenly finds itself confronted with the old militant Prussianism which it imagined had been subdued by the War. Under the circumstances the nations naturally hesitated to commit themselves to pledges for immediate disarmament. Unless the conference reaches some agreement for the limitation of arms, nothing can prevent the nations from entering another race in armaments.—*Dr. Cyril Garbett, Bishop of Winchester.*

The Lord has called us into the breach as His warriors. We look upon the German movement for liberation and upon its leader, our Chancellor, as a gift of God. Equality before God does not exclude inequality between man and man. It follows as self-evident that those occupying office in Germany must think of our own stock and defense.—*Reverend Dr. Ludwig Müller, Bishop of United German Protestant Church.*

What Germany must battle for is an opportunity again to conduct an active foreign policy. The military strength of a nation does not denote its rank on the battlefield alone; it definitely establishes its rank in every phase of its politics, whether such politics are motivated by peace or war.—'*Vossische Zeitung*,' *Berlin Nazi Daily.*

Moral rearmament is at the very centre of Nazi teaching. And the aims of the party involve the absorption of Germans outside Germany. Other countries, therefore, cannot possibly regard Nazi war speeches as an internal matter. They must cease before there can be hope of effective disarmament.—'*The Times*,' *London Conservative Daily.*

The German nation itself, however, is far from harboring any political resentment. It considers questions of international policy soberly, objectively, and without prejudice. It is ready and determined to coöperate in the solution of the great crisis to the best of its ability.—*Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Reich Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment.*

Austria is determined to follow the path that offers her the possibilities of independent existence and economic development. It is plain and it has been acknowledged in every quarter that this involves not merely the economic consolidation of Austria herself, but also the reconstruction of the Danube basin.—*Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, Austrian Chancellor.*

It is universally known that the Japanese authorities have devoted all their forces to converting a commercial enterprise—which is what the Chinese Eastern Railway represents to the Soviet Government—into a source of conflicts. It is universally known that the fabrication of such conflicts and their fomentation is one of the principal jobs of the Japanese soldiery, which is master in Manchuria.—'*Pravda*,' *Moscow Communist Daily.*

Despite Japan's efforts to settle the Chinese Eastern Railway problem peacefully, Russia is acting in bad faith. We must demand amends, a retraction, and guarantees of future good faith. Otherwise stronger measures may be necessary.—*Spokesman for Japanese Foreign Office.*

What is regarded as a startling revelation at the trial of the military and naval cadets involved in the assassination of Premier Inukai on May 15 last year was the discovery of a plot by these same perpetrators to kill Charlie Chaplin, the famous American comedian, who was visiting Japan at the time. The reason given for the attempt on his life was to cause war between the United States and Japan because he is a popular figure in the American public and 'the darling of the capitalist class.'—'*The Chinese Republic*,' *Shanghai Nationalist Weekly.*

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